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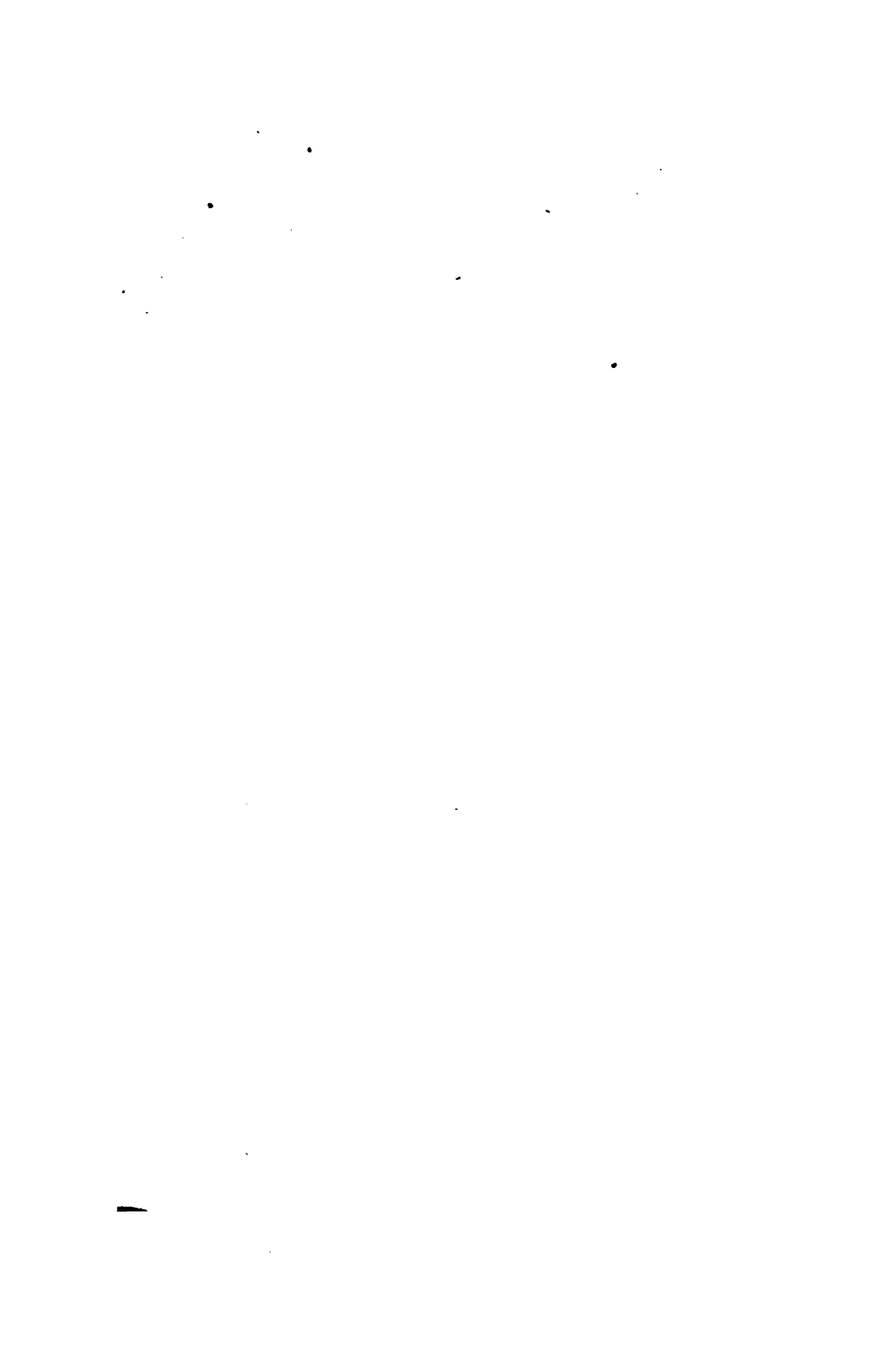




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A VINDICATION
OF THE
CONDUCT OF
LADY DOUGLAS,
DURING HER INTERCOURSE WITH HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
PRINCESS OF WALES:
TOGETHER WITH REMARKS ON
The Book,
AND ON THE CONSEQUENCES OF ITS PUBLICATION.
ALSO,
A NARRATIVE OF
AND COMMENTARIES UPON
SOME EXTRAORDINARY TRANSACTIONS;
INCLUDING ANECDOTES OF NUMEROUS
HIGH AND DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

Immaculate finds not near so much protection as guilt.
LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

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A

VINDICATION

OF THE CONDUCT OF

LADY DOUGLAS, &c.



THE unhappy and lamentable differences between a certain illustrious couple, having so long been made a topic of universal discussion, it may, at first view, appear extraordinary that any more remarks should be published upon the subject. A little reflection, however, may lead to the belief, that *illustrations* of the to-

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pic are by no means exhausted ; and that towards some of the parties concerned *justice* has hitherto been but partially administered. Time, however, as it seldom fails to elucidate the most mysterious transactions, may yet afford means to decide whether the late *overstrained sensibilities* of the British people were not of that generous though thoughtless nature which might have been qualified by the exercise of discretion.*

If the sentiments delivered a few months ago at the numerous meetings, called for the purpose of addressing the Princess of Wales, should be mistaken by the rest of Europe for the general opinion of Englishmen, what inferences must be drawn by the rest of Europe, as to the wickedness of British Statesmen, and in what a deplorable light would appear the

* This tract was written last summer. It was, however, thought proper to withhold its publication till the present period ; as at this time its contents are likely to be regarded with more dispassionate attention than they would then have received.

conduct of the Personage who is placed at the head of this empire! In case the different nations should have formed a prejudiced judgment on the late transactions, how necessary it is that they should be undeceived! For, unfortunately, the desperate leaders of the lowest political faction in this country never had so specious an opportunity for the degradation of the throne; nor was there ever a period when their operations so fairly promised that result which has been the incessant object of their wishes.

That the Princess of Wales should have had the cruel misfortune to fall into the snares of persons whose motives, one might think, could never have been for a moment mistaken by her, is a circumstance that must always be lamented. It is an event truly distressing to that respected portion of British subjects who are anxious to transmit the blessings of the constitution unimpaired to their posterity. It is an axiom not to be disputed, that anarchy can never take place in a state till insolence

towards the reigning powers has settled into permanent disrespect; and what could be more likely to excite a general and indignant feeling of this nature against the PRINCE REGENT, than such infamous assertions as were uttered at the public assemblies? Such libels (for to this appellation are most of the addresses entitled) must be supposed to receive the sanction of all who stand recorded as their framers and patrons; but the stigma must not be suffered to disgrace those who would preserve their reputation for loyalty and discernment.

The addressers have been profuse in their declamations about *a conspiracy*; but themselves have turned out to be the only true *conspirators*! Their manœuvres of the last winter too fatally succeeded in fanning the dormant sparks of chagrin into a blaze of vindictiveness: but reason, driven for the moment from her seat, defeated their designs by the resumption of her empire.

If that illustrious personage, the Princess of

Wales, instead of allowing her conscience and confidence to be moulded to the purposes of those *pretended but treacherous friends* who have dragged her forth into an unpropitious notoriety, had displayed a degree of prudence and firmness consistent with her dignified situation, she would have insisted on being left in tranquil retirement. It is astonishing that she had no *discreet adviser*, who might have pointed out the gross impropriety of letting such a document as her Letter relative to the Princess Charlotte be thrown before the public: for, had any reflection been exercised, it might have been foreseen that this proceeding was likely to produce very serious consequences, without the remotest probability of benefit to the complainant; while, if it had not taken place, the world would not have been supplied with a topic for *scandalising small-talk and blush-exciting sarcasm*, through the publication of a most obnoxious mass of indelicate details!

As the matter now presents itself, a *certain*

turn appears to have taken place in the public mind. Now that the printed proceedings of 1806 are on every person's table, unprejudiced and reflecting men are at a loss to discover the grounds on which the illustrious female can be congratulated on her escape from *destruction*! What they had thought before they possessed the means of forming a correct opinion, appears, therefore, an "*error of judgment*:" they cannot now discover any shadow of such a wicked design; they see no *frustration of a conspiracy* against the Princess of Wales, because they are not supplied with reasons for believing that such baseness ever existed in any mind: but they do exult in the exposure of a *plot to degrade royalty altogether*; and they commiserate the lady who could descend to act the *heroine* in such a despicable drama of political mountebanks. *These* never had any partiality for the Princess of Wales, nor any feeling for the peculiarity of her situation: *they* would never, at another time, have moved a finger to *vindicate her honour or preserve her*

life! But the opportunity of reviling the Regent, and aiming a deadly blow at his reputation, through the *pretended injuries* inflicted upon his wife, was too inspiring to be neglected. They entered, however, upon their schemes with too much audacity to procure success. They had all the malignity and arrogance of the Titans, without any of their courage or skill. They attacked the throne on its invulnerable side, and their *forlorn hope* has become a monument of their impudence and folly!

If, as a most able writer has asserted, *private vices* are *public benefits*, we have, in the late transactions, a proof, that *public wickedness* is likewise attended with *general advantage*. Had a sort of national credibility been given to the charges and insinuations thrown out against the head of the empire and certain members of his august family, by the democratical orators, who is there that does not perceive the disesteem into which they would have irrevocably fallen! Perhaps the evident *differ-*

ence of opinion which now prevails, may be attributed more to the universal perusal of THE BOOK than to any contingent circumstance; while any attempt, at the beginning of the present year, to stem the torrent of generous sympathy, rather than letting it be *self-exhausted*, would have been regarded as the result of apprehension. Many a dispassionate person, after sedately perusing that extraordinary publication, has laid it down with a significant shake of the head, and a confirmed opinion, that no man ought to become a partisan till he has heard all that can be said on *both sides* of a question!

From these preliminary observations, it may be imagined that the writer is about to pursue the very extreme which has been condemned, and to become a champion of *that personage* against whom the late popular disrespect and clamour have been so conspicuously directed. Nothing however is farther from the author's intention. A calm observer can perceive the errors which all the parties have run into;

but it requires only a moderate portion of understanding to discover on which side they are ordinary, and *least offensive to the moral organization of society.*

Peace and praise be to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, to the full extent that she merits tranquillity and popularity. She has long been placed in a predicament which has excited universal sympathy, and she has enjoyed all the consolation that can be derived from *popular testimonies of condolence!* But, if she possess a stomach capable of digesting the immeasurable and fulsome adulation which has lately been poured upon her from every quarter, the truth of Lord CHESTERFIELD'S assertion, that a woman "will greedily swallow the highest and gratefully accept of the lowest; while she may be safely flattered, from her understanding down to the exquisite taste of her fan," will appear as incontestible as the passages of scripture.

We have, however, said, and it shall be here repeated, that those eulogies were only the

media, or vehicles, to direct as many insults against the Prince: but the public do not entertain so poor an opinion of that great Personage, as to believe that such outrages for a moment annoyed him. And still more disrespectful would be their ideas of the understanding of the Princess of Wales, if they could suppose that she derived the smallest gratification from hearing the inflammatory insinuations of these *king-haters* against the leading members of her family. The supposition is, indeed, forbidden by decency and morality: but it would have redounded to the honour of the Princess of Wales, and have afforded a trait of her *magnanimity*, for the admiration of posterity, if, in her answers to the seditious addressers, she had expressed her indignation at their conduct, in approaching her with *protestations of sympathy*, only the more directly to vent their calumnies against the father of BRITAIN'S HEIRESS! Without disparagement to the mental intelligence of the Princess of Wales, we may lament the imbecility of those *confidential*

associates who must have *counselled* the line that was adopted. Even a side-wind hint of *disapprobation* at the language of the addressers and Jacobin-orators would have afforded a salutary check to subsequent and similar impertinence; and how delicately appropriate would have been an intimation, that *family misunderstandings* were never yet reconciled by the abrupt and officious obtrusions of a *mob*; who, by volunteering their censures against either disputant, have ultimately acquired the contempt of both.

Supposing, as we are bound to do, that there is only a *moderate* portion of truth in what has been said and sung about her Royal Highness's intellectual accomplishments, we are convinced that many instances must have presented themselves to her mind, as recorded in history both sacred and profane, where *wives*, however great may have been the *injuries and persecutions* which they have sustained, have nobly sacrificed all private feelings of animosity, to repel assaults on the reputation of their husbands;

while it cannot be denied that such examples are at all times laudable and worthy of imitation. An extraordinary and unfortunate estrangement from connubial affection must not be urged to justify a different line of conduct.

We could say much more on the topic of the late addresses, if farther disquisition had any relation to the principal subject of this preface; but it is unnecessary. The *rage* has had its day; the attempt to insult the Regent on his throne has been *defeated* by the good sense of the public, and *thinking people* have frequently observed, that “*all has been done which is necessary for the protection of innocence and the ends of justice.*” This fine and liberal language, however, is not strictly correct; for we would ask such persons, what sort of justice has been done, or what human compensation can be made, to those individuals whose reputation has been invaded, whose conduct has been prejudged, whose fortunes have been ruined, and whose peace of mind has been destroyed, by the furious and unreasonable spirit which has

possessed the whole nation? These persons are indisputably SIR JOHN and LADY DOUGLAS! Never has this country witnessed such a *league* on the part of its population, to *run down* a family, not only without positive proof of their culpability, but in defiance of every principle of justice, reason, and humanity!

It has been very truly observed, that when the passions of a people have been roused against any particular object, their brutality displays itself in the exact inverse proportion of their civilization. This was exemplified in the case of the DUKE OF YORK, and also, in the conduct of the London populace, on their return from Kensington-palace; but it has been much farther illustrated by the cruel treatment of SIR JOHN and LADY DOUGLAS. For the last seven years, these individuals have been subjected to every kind of abuse and indignity which human prejudice could imagine: they have been held up to public odium and execration by such artifices as the British people at any former period would have dis-

dained to practise; and if their *persons* have hitherto escaped from gross assault, this appears to be rather owing to their own *fortitude and consistency*, than to any considerations of decency on the part of the public. And yet, let it not be supposed, that these individuals are *immaculate*. They have been guilty of some signal and censurable indiscretions, which shall be fully pointed out in the course of this publication; but they shall not be hunted out of society, like rabid animals, without a bar being thrown, by *one* hand at least, in the way of their infuriate pursuers!

It is a fact equally surprising as lamentable, that persons of all descriptions, sects, and principles, have united to censure this couple, and expose them to universal obloquy; the only contest appearing to be, which party should be most profuse in the epithets of defamation and abhorrence. The accusations of the public writers against Lady Douglas, were, that “she *insinuated herself* into the good graces of the Princess; that she was dis-

charged from the presence of the latter for *improper behaviour*, which so enraged her, that, in conjunction with her husband, *she plotted the DESTRUCTION of the Princess*; an object which she *might suppose* would be agreeable to a high personage! With this view, she contrived, by *insinuations* and *invendoes*, to cast that degree of *suspicion* upon the character of the Princess which produced the miscalled delicate investigation,"* &c. This piece of critical condemnation is a fair specimen of the late *general* tenor of editorial sensibility throughout the country.

Other writers, equally candid and liberal, called the Douglasses "*infamous individuals*, leagued against the life of a Princess, and supporting their charges by evident perjury."† And, not to multiply instances, we may say at once, that the English language was ransacked for similar terms, to give a zest to the *political reflections* of *almost* every newspaper in the

* Nottingham Review, March, 1813.

† Westmoreland Advertiser, April 3, 1813.

kingdom ; while the *street-orators*, those worthy advocates of justice and tranquillity, described the Deposition of Lady Douglas as “ *the ravings of a disordered imagination, transferring its own impure suggestions to the bosom of innocence!!!* * ”

Thus the public were instructed to *reconcile absurdities*, by considering Lady Douglas in the compound character of *mad-woman, knave, and fool!* And it was really amusing to hear the arguments advanced in private companies, to prove her right to *all* these creditable qualifications !

Against such a torrent of senseless calumny and prejudice, what human being could stand ? Sir John and Lady Douglas had been found guilty, according to the system at Algiers, without being heard in their defence. They were universally asserted to have condemned *themselves*, though no one could tell *when* or *how* this had happened. It was sufficient that the people

* Alderman Wood's Speech at the Westminster Meeting, as reported in the *Morning Chronicle*.

of England had taken it into their heads that they were *malicious, plodding, crafty, mad, foolish, envious, immoral, ungrateful, base, wicked, slanderous, false, perjured, infamous*, and consequently *detestable!!!* Such a string of damnatory epithets would have been powerful enough to suffocate a couple of *Saints*, if such could be found in our profane and diabolical æra! But the time of retribution may arrive, and perhaps sooner than many persons apprehend.

As to the *modest* and *liberal* remarks of many public writers, they are deserving of as much consideration as is due to the vehicles in which they have appeared. The editors are sensible people: their property is of considerable value; but it would be so no longer than their owners would continue to coincide with the *popular opinion* upon such a topic as this. What degree of *truth* there is in the charges they have disseminated—whether Lady Douglas “*insinuated herself* into the Princess’s favour,” “was dismissed for *improper behaviour*,”

&c. &c. may be believed or disbelieved, after the annexed NARRATIVE has been attentively perused. We shall merely observe, *en-passant*, that, though such abundance of words and paper has been sent forth in defence of the Princess of Wales, no writer has yet ventured to rebut a single assertion of Lady Douglas, which appeared in her *Deposition on Oath*. But the fact is, that it is more *convenient* to *believe* than to *reflect* upon any subject whatever; and Scandal herself would at any time be *furnished*, if the food on which she subsists were to be purified by the rays of reason. We are convinced, that if an *unprejudiced jury* could be formed, the Douglasses might obtain verdicts for defamation against every newspaper-editor in the kingdom who has thus dared to assassinate their reputation!

It is very remarkable, and the fact ought to make a general impression, that *all the scribblers and orators of the democratic stamp, were the most vulgar and virulent enemies of the Princess of Wales, from the time of her first immersion into obscurity, till, in 1813, they had*

REASONS *for turning their attacks on a higher object of hostility !** On assuming a new character, it was necessary for these high priests of sedition to devote some victim or other to their sacrificial orgies. It was not enough, that they who had for years been employed in disseminating all manner of indecent inuendoes, sneers, and sarcasms, against the Princess of Wales should suddenly become the loudest declaimers about her *innocence* and her *sufferings*. This, we say, was not enough ! Overwhelmed with sympathy, as the tender souls affected to be, they could not start up as the champions of the Princess of Wales, without falling, like a gang of *cannibals*, upon Lady

* In that loyal and truly respectable paper, the *Morning Post*, of September 11, 1806, and other periods of that year, some liberal writing appeared in defence of a branch of the Royal Family, against the unmanly assaults of certain seditious characters ; and in the same article, their slanderous attacks upon a defenceless female (the Princess of Wales) are pointedly execrated.

Douglas, and tearing her reputation piece-meal!

And what, after all, is the sum and substance of Lady Douglas's offending? It would, we are bold enough to insist, in defiance of all the base crew of sycophants, be extremely difficult to make out a case less criminal, or even, *on the whole*, less censurable, than that of this female. Those who choose to believe that the statement which she has given in the following pages is not *totally false*, or *completely manufactured*, will also believe, that the treatment she experienced at Montague-house was most unhandsome, capricious, and insulting. They may puzzle themselves in vain to discover what *improper conduct* Lady Douglas was guilty of, *except that of ever again setting her foot in Montague-house*, after the conversation *she says* she was insulted by hearing on two or three occasions! She was evidently treated with *disrespect*, by one certainly of a much higher rank than herself, but who appears to have *courted her acquaintance*; and

disrespect, without any plausible reason for it, towards a person of character and education, *ought never to be overlooked*, but ought, on the contrary, under *peculiar circumstances*, always to be followed by *indignation!** For, after all that can be said by parasites, how insignificant is the glare of inflated *rank*, when opposed to the enviable brilliancy of natural or acquired talents.—But we must abstain from digression. The poet justly says,

“*Hell* has no fury like a woman scorn’d.”

Such conduct as that of Lady Douglas might therefore naturally be expected from any one; for the causes which are *asserted* to have led to it would have stimulated the most generous disposition to resentment. In short, the only circumstance which her public enemies advance, as derogatory to her character, appears, in the opinion of the unprejudiced, a point materially in her favour. “She did not (say her revilers) *make any stir in the busi-*

* *Verbum satis sapientibus!* HOR.

ness for FOUR YEARS after the occurrences took place." This, then, instead of demanding censure, ought to be viewed as a remarkable proof of her *forbearance*. She had buried in oblivion her resentment at the treatment she experienced : she wrote no *Book* on the subject, nor did she transmit any *comments on it*, in her correspondence with her friends, otherwise the *investigation* could not have been delayed for a single quarter of a year !! But, however prudent might be her own conduct, she could not lay *an injunction* on the tongues of others! It was, of course, at Montague-house that the *buzzing* first commenced, and not at the peaceful retreat of Lady Douglas. At the former mansion, the subject was certainly a 'constant topic of conversation, (we make no allusion to *the child*, we speak only of the "*flirting*,") and the ribaldry of Robert Bidgood, Fanny Lloyd, *the delicate-nerved, fainting virgin*, Mary Wilson, and the domestics in general, was the *real cause* of the proceedings that were deemed necessary; not the "*insinu-*

ations" of Lady Douglas, who really appears to have insinuated nothing whatever, till she was COMMANDED to speak out. As to Bidgood, it will be seen* that he deposed to circumstances, (only on *hearsay evidence*, to be sure) which were calculated to satisfy the *most curious*; and which would undoubtedly have caused this person or his *informants* to be visited by prosecution and exemplary punishment, if some *very cogent reasons* (such, perhaps, as the difficulty of proving the slander against those who *first* set it afloat) had not operated to prevent a pursuance of the matter to extremities!

When, however, the reported transactions at Montague-house had become a theme of *fashionable notoriety*, and an inquiry into their truth or falsehood was indispensable, Lady Douglas was applied to, because the servants had frequently spoken of her intimacy there, and of the rupture of the feeble partiality mis-

* In Edwards's edition of *The Book*, p. 104.

called *friendship*. It was not supposed, that she would fabricate base reports; but she might either corroborate or overturn the insinuations of others, by deposing to circumstances of which she had been an eye-witness. Placed, then, in a situation which compelled her to disclose the nature and all the circumstances of her intercourse with the Princess of Wales, she evidently seems to have entered, with distressing repugnance to her feelings, into such details as have been arranged in the following narrative. But the subject was far too important to allow of its *illustrations* resting upon *mere assertions*. The sacred formality of *an oath* was therefore wanting, to give effect to her communications. Thus, when an examination was deemed necessary, before the members of the privy council, she was brought forward, to confirm the matters which she had *previously* transmitted in writing; and those who will take the trouble of comparing her **DEPOSITION UPON OATH**, as it appears in all the numerous editions of the Book, with

the NARRATIVE which follows these remarks, will find that there is not the least inconsistency or contradiction between *the one* and *the other*; but, in the account here presented to the public, whatever could be remembered as bearing upon the subject, has been introduced.

And we would here ask the reader, whether, in the whole course of the persecution, any disposition has been manifested, on the part of Lady Douglas or her husband, to recant or extenuate any part of those statements which she has thought proper to make at her different examinations? There has not even been a rumour of such an inclination. They solicited, on the contrary, to be allowed, to *prove the truth* of certain matters which they had asserted, as far at least as these could be proved by the indirect evidence they might offer; but they sought in vain for permission to re-establish that reputation of which a senseless clamour had deprived them; for this attempt, they received only a new portion of contume-

ly; and they retired in disgust from a contest, in which their earnest protestations were reprobated with a scurrility worthy of St. Giles's!

Is this *justice*—is this *reason*—is this *humanity*—nay, is it *decency*?—What right has any person, on such common place and *ex-parte* grounds as are alone before him, to impeach Lady Douglas's veracity, or to question the integrity of her motives? But the fact is, that her character has been immolated to satiate party prejudice, and the *high rank* of the Personage whose conduct she scrutinized has formed the altar of sacrifice!

But Lady Douglas may still have *hopes* of receiving justice from the British people: *they* possess the same manly feelings as ever, and their natural abhorrence of oppression will, at no remote time, cause them to believe, that this female has been injured by their premature opinion. Their returning sense of justice will begin by the reflection, that her asseverations have been sanctioned by that most solemn of moral obligations which gives to the

transactions of mankind the seal and stamp of veracity! And unless this sacred form of religion were to be credited in a far higher degree than mere *assertions*, there must be an end of all trust and confidence in the world. Let her enemies therefore remember, that when she was *forced* to give her *deposition*, she made a solemn appeal to GOD to witness the truth of all which it contained; hence, if *mankind* refuse to believe, the Almighty is a judge of her sincerity; and the least that can be said of those who presume to arraign the truth of her testimony, is, that they are guilty of a gross act of wickedness and immorality.

But we have no objection to waive this powerful auxiliary, this sheet-anchor on which the reputation of the Douglas family may be *supposed* to rely. The public have already had time to try the merits of the topic by the balance of *common-sense*, * * * * *

There are certain acts in this life which require no illustration, because they carry their own evidence along with them. Nobody, for

example, can deny, that there were certain extravagancies committed at Montague-house, which would have called forth the suspicions and ridicule of the most purblind dolts that ever filled domestic situations. The servants, however, at that petty palace, were by no means of this description. It was made a complaint by the Princess herself, that Mr. Bidgood had had *too good an education for his place*; and even in the remarks of Fanny Lloyd, and most of the other females, we discover a habit of observation which bespeaks intelligent minds, who, at only a *false alarm* of dishonour, feel the blush of shame and indignation mantle in their cheeks! Such people, if not capable of logical disputation, can at least assimilate causes with effects, and draw inferences in the ordinary language which carries on the human intercourse. They can argue, that grass cannot sprout up without seed being sown, or that a house cannot be built without bricks and a foundation; and, from similar *antecedentia* and *consequentia*, they

agree, that, as Lady Douglas was *once* upon terms of *extreme intimacy* with the Princess of Wales, their *misunderstanding* could not have originated in *nothing*; and their *friendship*, as it is called, could not have terminated without something *outrè* having occurred on one side or the other. But as, in this blessed piece of business, they cannot rake up even a *rumour* of misconduct on the part of Lady Douglas, their *ultimate* inference is evident. Such is the reasoning of *nature*, which “needs not the aid of foreign ornament!”

But it is not Sir John and Lady Douglas alone, who have been subjected to a severe moral injury through this precious affair. We do in our conscience believe, that the conduct of a certain set towards the illustrious Regent was *meant* to be most disrespectful, disloyal, and infamous. For the last seven years, the Personage in question has, on this account, been assailed by all the repulsive contumely and insinuations of malice and impudence. To give an additional colour to their condemnation of his

domestic resolutions, all his juvenile errors and indiscretions were raked up from the oblivion into which time and liberality had cast them, to be hurled at his devoted head, in furtherance of the long-existing project for destroying the attachment between people and prince! And here we cannot but digress, to lament that the cry of reprobation was *first* issued by the staunch and veteran advocates of *church and king*. On this occasion, the persons in question laboured under the influence of that "dreadful termagant," excessive *zeal*, which certainly outran their *discretion*, and left them no time to reflect on the *consequences* of the line they were pursuing. Looking only at the moral influence of *example*, in the separation of the royal pair; forgetting that a similar example existed in a preceding reign of the house of Brunswick; and being, *even down to the present moment*, in total ignorance of the *real* CAUSES which induced a separate establishment, they ran into extremes; they could see nothing but a blaze

of virtue, ability, innocence, and injury, on one side, and a mass of vice, apathy, and cruelty, on the other! Yet here, as Voltaire says, "they were *in error*;" for they would have come nearer to the fact, if they had believed, with that Sir John in the play, that "indeed there are *faults on both sides*!" The very *idea* of an unfortunate stranger being in England, married, persecuted, and abandoned, is at any time, and we hope will ever be, sufficient to raise for her a phalanx of indignant and sympathetic defenders. So it happened with the Princess of Wales. All those well-meaning persons who pique themselves *on their excessive* LOYALTY, took the part of this unfortunate Personage, because they *presupposed* her injured, in the evidence of her living apart from her husband; while such a supposition was not only *disloyalty itself*, as believing the husband to possess a heart *capable* of inflicting injury on the wife, but, as it indicated a willingness on the part of other eminent characters to sanction illiberality, it be-

came a libel on the honour and integrity of the whole of the Court and the Cabinet. We know many of these persons who have lately thought proper-materially to alter their sentiments! They have regretted their premature and partial interference, and their error must find excuse in the *negative merit of good intentions!* Their sensations, on discovering that their reprehensions have afforded a machine for the enemies of legitimate monarchy to degrade and calumniate the Heir to the Throne, may be unpleasant; they will operate as an example, and under its influence we leave them, with sentiments of perfect charity; observing by the way, that neither the Prince nor Lady Douglas owes any more to *their* liberality than they owe to that of the prejudiced mob!

It is, however, by no means the object of this essay to justify the conduct of one personage, or to stigmatize the indiscretions of another; but it is our opinion, that, as the public cannot *correctly* know the *causes* of a

certain lamentable family dissention, an overstrained zeal, on either side, must be unserviceable and officious;—and heaven knows, if zeal and officiousness be ever so *elastic*, they have been strained beyond all reason on a late occasion. *In future*, (although we sincerely hope that *this* matter is set at rest for ever) the public will do credit to their character for impartiality, not to be too precipitate in their judgment; for, priests may preach and philosophers may reason; but, after all, they will find it a hard task to make *black* appear *white*, or to reconcile *deep-rooted antipathies*! As to the general conduct of *one* great character, it is certainly capable of much extenuation. All, however, that shall be said here on this *delicate* topic is, that if he may have been in the habit of wandering with Solomon, he can at least plead in defence that he never had the advantage of a *body-guard* of such grave lecturers as David!!

The obloquy thrown upon the noblemen and gentlemen who formed the late and pre-

sent administration is only another link to the chain of jacobinical prejudice and injustice. It is true, that the proceedings relative to the "*Inquiry*" took place when the Cabinet was formed of certain characters known by the appellation of "*the Prince's friends*;" yet nobody can doubt that some inquiry was absolutely necessary, and it must have taken place under *any* ministry. This, indeed, is proved by the contents of the cabinet minute, of April 21, 1807; and it is equally clear, now the *nature of the evidence* is known to all Europe, that no commissioners could have produced a *Report* more delicately worded, or more decisive as to the innocence of the Princess respecting the principal charge; the sentiments contained in it were the soundest declarations of justice, blended with the language of *delicate reprehension*. All, indeed, that we have been astonished at, is, that a clamour should be raised by *one set* of partisans, because the Report contained even a single passage that could be construed into cen-

sure!—as if, because the main suspicion was completely falsified, all the subordinate incidents should have been passed over with silence, which might have been misconstrued into a sanction for their repetition! A very pretty *precedent* this would have been, indeed; for, afterwards, who would have a right to complain, if the residences of *high characters* should have resembled those of Messalina or Sardanapalus? That the conduct, however, of the noble Commissioners was perfectly independent, dignified, and free from every shade of party feeling, is evident, from the coincidence with their observations, of that administration of which Mr. Perceval was the head; which, in January, 1807, declared that they “*agree in the opinions* submitted to his Majesty in the original report!” * * * *

So far, then, the Tory ministry declare, that had *they* been in power, they would have acted precisely the same as the Whigs. Does it not therefore appear inconsistent, nay, even cruel, for the first mentioned characters to say, in the

same document, that "they do not warrant advising that any farther steps should be taken in the business, except only such as his Majesty's law servants may, on reference to them, think fit to recommend, *for the prosecution of Lady Douglas*, on those parts of her deposition which *may appear* to them to be justly liable thereto?"

Thus, it seems as if the ministry of 1807 were loth to let the subject pass away without the *eclat* of a *sacrifice*! The appearance of Lady Douglas, moving in a circle, for an hour in Palace-yard, would have been a spectacle novel and interesting to John Bull; and it really does appear to have been by a chance that she escaped some kind of persecution, for complying with the express commands of the Heir Apparent. However, we know that neither the late nor the present statesmen have thought proper to direct any prosecution ~~against~~ her; and thus her character remains unvindicated; —in short, she has no redress. What a singular and shameful situation for an individual to

be reduced to, in this boasted land of liberty! But it is farther remarkable, that the noble Commissioners did not, in their Report, even hint at the propriety of a prosecution. It was left for the Princess's *quondam* friends, in council assembled, to *talk* upon the subject, and then to let it "vanish into air, thin air!"

It will be recollected, that, by the reported proceedings in Parliament, on the 6th of March last, the public were given to understand, that no *criminality* was imputable to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales; that no case was made out, and that, therefore, the House was of opinion, that any *farther inquiry*, for which Mr. Johnstone moved, was superfluous. This gentleman is also reported to have said, that, "if he were rightly informed, Sir John and Lady Douglas *still persisted in the same story*; and he asked, if all they maintained were so notoriously false, WHY WERE THEY NOT PROSECUTED?"

This is, indeed, a very plausible question. If all, all, is so *notoriously false*, why not in-

dict them at least for a *libel*; seeing that, according to the notions of some profound sages of the law, it would be *difficult to prove* a CONSPIRACY against them! But it seems, from all that has appeared on the subject, that these persons are not to be *intimidated*, by threats of a prosecution, into a *recantation* of what they have so solemnly sworn, and thus to put themselves in a condition to be prosecuted, by standing *self-convicted* of *perjury* and *detraction*. This, however, is what seemed to be desired by some shallow-headed parasites. But it appears far more likely, that, after so much *perseverance*, they will persist in the “*same story*” for the remainder of their lives.

We have already alluded to the disgraceful misrepresentations of the conduct of the four noble Commissioners who drew up the Report. Although we acknowledge them to be as much above the effects of the calumny as its propagators are beneath contempt, we feel an honest pride in paying our humble tribute to their character. They are shielded by the

panoply of conscious rectitude ; and posterity will justify the firmness with which they fulfilled a most obnoxious task, the execution of which it was impossible for them to decline. Nor will any sophistry convince the reasonable portion of the world, that the "*serious admonition*" recommended in the Report was not an imperative duty on their part.

The publication of *the Book* has certainly been favorable rather than disadvantageous to the Douglasses ; inasmuch as it puts a limit to the previous *exaggerations* of their conduct. In every other respect, its appearance is a circumstance deeply to be deplored. Many a heavy sacrifice had been made to prevent the contents of *the Book* from ever meeting the public view ; and certainly the great Personage, who was so anxious to prevent them from exposure, was influenced by a feeling of repugnance at the universal publicity of the evidence of Cole, Bidgood, and others ; at the idea of which (in the words of the *Times* on the 11th of February last,) every sensitive

mind must shrink! Deaf, however, to the suggestions of policy and reason, and wilfully blind to *all the consequences of an inevitable RE-ACTION* of the public sentiment, the desperate advisers of the Princess of Wales, by the production of her memorable Letter, forced, from the sacred pigeon-holes of office the precious documents which they had so long concealed. And now, like unskilful Phætons, they have excited a flame which cannot but be *unpleasant* in the very quarter that, but for their officious obtrusion, might have been for ever screened from its effects!

At all events, *the Princess of Wales has gained nothing whatever by these disclosures.* She has, on the contrary, been compelled to submit to the *indignity* of receiving and hearing from the *Pariahs** of Britain, such libels

* *Pariahs*, as perhaps all our readers may know, are those *outcasts* of India, whose very touch is considered as pollution, and who are consequently excommunicated, shunned, and despised, by all persons who have the least pretensions to character or respectability. The application will doubt-

against her illustrious family as they could not have dared to utter without the opportunity which she so unhappily afforded them; while *etiquette* required that she should repeat to each gang, a different lesson of *thanks* and *gratitude*!!!

As to the conduct of those by whom that illustrious female is immediately surrounded—those

“Rash, inconsiderate, fiery, voluntaries,

With ladies’ faces, but fierce dragons’ spleens,”

we forbear to dilate upon it; because, by their disreputable and absurd endeavours, they have made themselves sufficiently ridiculous, and marred the cause they attempted to support; besides, let it be remembered, that our object is NOT, “*to sting and venom!*” If such unworthy views could ever enter our contemplation, *we possess the means* of more completely

lessly be deemed appropriate for those far more infamous and audacious reprobates *at home*, who are designated by sedate and sensible people as *Jacobins* or *sedition demagogues!*

effecting that purpose than themselves, or, perhaps, than any other persons who have yet interfered with the subject. But, no! the mind which dictates this effusion never yet lent its energies to a deed of dishonour, nor ever will. If it may assist in bringing Lady Douglas over the whirlpool of popular indignation, enough will be attained.

For the rest, it shall be added, that, however great may have been her indiscretions, she is an extremely injured person. Nothing that rank can offer or respectability accept, can compensate for the unjust and cruel obloquy to which she and her family have been subjected through the honest performance of an imperative duty towards the throne. It is from *the public* that they have met their injuries:—from them, if they wait with fortitude and patience, they may one day have retribution!

With a few words more we shall close these preliminary remarks. The people of England are egregiously disappointed as to the

contents of *the Book*. They persist in a belief that all the facts which *could* have been printed on this important and indelicate subject *have not appeared in it*. **THEY ARE CORRECT IN THEIR CONJECTURE!** Yet what right had the public to expect gratification, at the expense of private peace and sensibility? But they have only to recollect *by whom*, and for *what purpose*, the said Book was prepared; and, however greatly they may be disappointed, they surely cannot be *surprised!* The long suspense in which they were kept, a suspense heightened by a thousand preposterous exaggerations, excited a curiosity which the Book has been very far from allaying: time, however, may effect wonders!

We shall now proceed to the narrative of occurrences, from the pen of Lady Douglas, *which will at least render more complete, by forming a counterpart to, those numerous editions of the Book with which the world has been inundated*, but which only contain Lady Douglas's **DEPOSITION UPON OATH**,

*and not one syllable of the contents of the following pages !** The *notes* which are added may be considered as so many *rational observations*, by a different hand, which the reader can of course agree with, or dissent from, according to the bent of his predisposed opinions.

For ourselves, we feel so deeply for the situation of a certain illustrious female, that we lament the necessity we have been under of making so many allusions to past and unpleasant transactions. But the case in question is like one in a court of law, where RANK with the whole world at its back is plaintiff, and unprotected OBSCURITY is defendant. We have chosen to become voluntary counsel for the latter, and our attempt must find its excuse in the liberality of the motive.

* It is not meant that the contents of the narrative have *never before* appeared in print. To those who have read *one* edition of the Book, it will not be new.

A NARRATIVE
OF
CERTAIN TRANSACTIONS

WHICH TOOK PLACE AT

MONTAGUE-HOUSE.

BY LADY DOUGLAS.

HIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales having judged proper, to order me to detail to him, as heir apparent, the whole circumstance of my acquaintance with her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, from the day I first spoke with her to the present time, I felt it my duty as a subject to comply without hesitation with his royal highness's commands; and I did so, because I conceived, even putting aside the rights of an heir apparent, his royal highness was justified in informing himself as to the actions of his wife, who, from all the information he had collected, seemed so likely to disturb the tranquility of the country; and it appeared to me that, in so doing, his royal highness evinced his earnest regard for the real interest of the country, in endeavouring to prevent such a

person from, perhaps, one day, placing a 'spurious heir upon the English throne, and which his royal highness has indeed a right to fear, and communicate to the sovereign; as the Princess of Wales told me, " If she were discovered in bringing her son into the world, she would give the Prince of Wales the credit of it, for that she had slept two nights in the year she was pregnant in Carlton House." (A.)

As an Englishwoman educated in the highest respectful attachment to the royal family: as the daughter of an English Officer, who has all his life received the most gracious marks of approbation and protection from his Majesty, and from his royal highness the Prince of Wales; and as the wife of an Officer, whom our beloved King has honoured with a public mark of his approbation, and who is bound to the royal family by ties of respectful regard and attachment, which nothing can ever break, I feel it my duty to make known the Princess of Wales's sentiments and conduct, now, and whensoever I may be called upon. (B.)

For the information, therefore, of his Majesty and of the heir apparent, I beg leave to state, that Sir John took a house upon Blackheath in the year 1801, because the air was better for him, after his Egyptian services, than London, and it was somewhat nearer Chatham, where his military duties occasionally called him. I had a

daughter born upon the 17th of February, and we took up our residence there in April, living very happily and quietly; but in the month of November, when the ground was covered with snow, as I was sitting in my parlour, which commanded a view of the Heath, I saw to my surprise, the Princess of Wales, elegantly dressed in a lilac satin pelise, primrose-coloured half boots, and a small lilac satin travelling cap, faced with sable, and a lady, pacing up and down before the house, and sometimes stopping, as if desirous of opening the gate in the iron railing to come in. At first I had no conception her royal highness really wished to come in, but must have mistaken the house for another person's, for I had never been made known to her, and I did not know that she knew where I lived. I stood at the window looking at her; and, as she looked very much, from respect, court-sied (as I understood was customary); to my astonishment she returned my courtsey by a familiar nod, and stopped.

Old Lady Stuart, a West Indian lady, who lived in my immediate neighbourhood, and who was in the habit of coming to see me, was in the room, and said, " You should go out, her royal highness wants to come in out of the snow." Upon this I went out, and she came immediately to me and said, " I believe you are Lady Douglas, and you have a very beautiful child; I should like to see"

it." I answered that I was Lady Douglas. Her royal highness then said, "I should like of all things to see your little child." I answered that I was very sorry I could not have the honour of presenting my little girl to her, as I and my family were spending the cold weather in town, and I was only come to pass an hour or two upon the Heath. I held open the gate, and the Princess of Wales and her lady, Miss Heyman (I believe) walked in and sat down, and stayed above an hour, laughing very much at Lady Stuart, who, being a singular character, talked all kind of nonsense. After her royal highness had amused herself as long as she pleased, she inquired where Sir John Douglas and Sir Sydney Smith were, and went away, having shook hands with me, and expressed her pleasure at having found me out and made herself known: I concluded that Sir Sydney Smith had acquainted her royal highness that we resided upon the Heath, as he was just arrived in England, and, having been in long habits of friendship with Sir John, was often with us, and told us how kind he should think it if we could let him come to and fro without ceremony, and let him have an airy room appropriated to himself, as he was always ill in town, and, from being asthmatic, suffered extremely when the weather was foggy in town. Sir John gave him that hospitable reception he was in the habit of doing by all his friends, (for I understand they have been known to each

other more than twenty years), and he introduced him to me as a person, to whom he wished my friendly attention to be paid; as I had never seen sir Sydney Smith in my life, until this period, when he became, as it were, a part of the family. When I returned to town, I told sir John Douglas the circumstance of the Princess having visited me, and a few days after this, we received a note from Mrs. Lisle (who was in waiting) commanding us to dine at Montague-house. (D.) We went, and there were several persons at the dinner. I remember Lord and Lady Dartmouth, and I think Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot, &c. &c. From this time the Princess made me frequent visits, always attended by her Ladies, or Mrs. Sander (her maid). When Sander came, she was sent back or put in another room; but when any of her Ladies were with her, we always sat together. Her royal highness was never attended by any livery servants, but she always walked about Blackheath and the neighbourhood only with her female attendants. In a short time, the Princess became so extravagantly fond of me, that, however flattering it might be, it certainly was very troublesome. Leaving her attendants below, she would push past my servant, and run up stairs into my bed-chamber, kiss me, take me in her arms, and tell me I was beautiful, saying she had never loved any woman so much; that she would regulate my dress, for she delighted in setting off a pretty woman: and such

high-flown compliments that women are never used to pay to each other. (E.) I used to beg her royal highness not to feed my self-love, as we had all enough of that, without encouraging one another. She would then stop me, and enumerate all my good points I had, saying she was determined to teach me to set them off. She would exclaim, "Oh! believe me, you are quite beautiful, different from almost any English woman; your arms are fine beyond imagination, your bust is very good, and your eyes, Oh, I never saw such eyes—all other women who have dark eyes look fierce, but your's (my dear Lady Douglas) are nothing but softness and sweetness, and yet quite dark." In this manner she went on perpetually, even before strangers. (F.) I remember when I was one morning at her house, with her royal highness, Mrs. Harcourt, and her ladies, the Duke of Kent came to take leave before his royal highness went to Gibraltar. When we were sitting at table, the Princess introduced me, and said—"Your royal highness must look at her eyes; but now she has disguised herself in a large hat, you cannot see how handsome she is." The Duke of Kent was very polite and obliging, for he continued to talk with Mrs. Harcourt, and took little notice, for which I felt much obliged; but she persisted, and said—"Take off your hat." I did not do it, and she took it off; but his royal highness, I suppose, conceiving it would not be very

pleasant to me, took little notice, and talked of something else. (G.)

Whenever the Princess visited us, either sir John, or I, returned home with her and her party quite to the door; and if he were out, I went with her royal highness, and took my footman; for we soon saw that her royal highness was a very singular and a very indiscreet woman, (H.) and we resolved to be always very careful and guarded with her; and when she visited us, if any visitor whosoever came to our house, they were put into another room, and they could not see the Princess, or be in her society, unless she positively desired it. However her royal highness forgot her high station, (and she was always forgetting it), we trust, and hope, and feel satisfied, we never for a moment lost sight of her being the wife of the heir apparent.

We passed our time as her royal highness chose when together, and the usual amusements were—playing French proverbs, in which the Princess always cast the parts and played; musical magic, forfeits of all kinds; sometimes dancing; and in this manner, either the Princess and her ladies with me, or we at Montague-house, we passed our time. Twice, after spending the morning with me, she remained without giving me any previous notice, and would dine with us; and thus ended the year 1801.

In the month of February, before Miss Garth was to come into waiting in March, 1802, the Princess, in one of her morning visits, after she had sent Sander home, said, "My dear Lady Douglas, I am come to see you this morning to ask a great favour of you, which I hope you will grant me." I told her, I was sure she could not make any unworthy request, and that I could only say, I should have great pleasure in doing any thing to oblige her, but I was really at a loss to guess how I possibly could have it in my power to grant her a favour. Her royal highness replied, "what I have to ask is for you to come and spend a fortnight with me; you shall not be separated from sir John, for he may be with you whenever he pleases, and bring your little girl and maid. I mean you to come to the round tower, where there are a complete suit of rooms for a lady and her servant. When Mrs. Lisle was in waiting, and hurt her foot, she resided there; Miss Heyman always was there, and Lord and Lady Lavington have slept there. When I have any married people visiting me, it is better than their being in the house, and we are only separated by a small garden. I dislike Miss Garth, and she hates to be with me, more than what her duty demands, and I don't wish to trouble any of my ladies out of their turn. I shall require you, as lady in waiting, to attend me in my walks, and when I drive out; write my notes and letters for me; and to

in the way to speak to any one who may come off business. I seldom appear until about three o'clock; and you may go home before I want you after breakfast every day." I replied, that, being a married woman, I could not promise for myself; and, as Sir John was much out of health, I should not like to leave him; but he was always so kind and good-natured to me, that I dared venture to say he would allow me if he could; and when he came home I asked him if I should go. Sir John agreed to the Princess's desire, and I took the waiting. During my stay I attended her royal highness to the play and the opera; I think twice, and also to dine at Lord Dartmouth's and Mr. Windham's. (L.) At Mr. Windham's, in the evening, while one of the ladies was at the harpsichord, the Princess complained of being very warm, and called out for ale, which, by a mistake in the language, she always calls oil. Mrs. Windham was perfectly at a loss to comprehend her wishes, and came to me for an explanation. I told her I believed she meant ale. Mrs. Windham said she had none in the house; was it very particular kind she required? I told her I believed not; that when the Princess thought proper to visit me, she always wanted it, and I gave her what I had, or could procure for her upon Blackheath. We could not always suddenly obtain what was wished. Mrs. Windham then proposed to have some sent for, and did so; it was brought, and the Princess drank it all.

When at Lord Dartmouth's, his lordship asked me if I was the only lady in waiting, being, I supposed, surprised at my appearing in that situation, when, to his knowledge, I had not known the Princess more than four months. I answered, I was at Montague-house, acting as lady in waiting, until Miss Garth was well, as the Princess told me she was ill. Lord Dartmouth looked surprised, and said he had not heard of Miss Garth being ill, and was surprised. I was struck with Lord Dartmouth's seeming doubt of Miss Garth's illness, and after-thought upon it. From the dinner we went at an early hour to the opera, and then returned to Blackheath. During this visit I was greatly surprised at *the whole stile of the Princess of Wales's conversation, which was constantly very loose and such as I had not been accustomed to hear; such as, in many instances, I have not been able to repeat, even to sir John, and such as made me hope I should cease to know her, before my daughter might be old enough to be corrupted by her.* I confess I went home hoping and believing she was at times a good deal disordered in her senses, or she never would have gone on as she did. (K.) When she came to sup with me in the Tower, (which she often did) she would arrive in a long red cloak, a silk handkerchief tied over her head under her chin, and a pair of slippers down at the heels.

After supper I attended her to the house. I found her a person without education or talents, and without any desire of improving herself. (L.) Amongst other things which surprised me while there, was a plan she told me she had in hand; that Prince William of Gloucester liked me, and that she had written to him, to tell him a fair lady was in her Tower, that she left it to his own heart to find out who it was, but if he was the gallant prince that she thought him, he would fly and see. I was amazed at such a contrivance, and said, Good God! how could your royal highness do so? I really like Sir John better than any body, and am quite satisfied and happy. I waited nine years for him, and never would marry any other person. The Princess ridiculed this, and said "Nonsense, nonsense, my dear friend." In consequence of the Princess's note, Prince William actually rode the next morning to the Tower, but by good fortune Sir Sydney Smith had previously called, and had been admitted, and as we were walking by the house, her royal highness saw the Prince coming, went immediately out of sight, and ran and told a servant to say she and I were gone walking, and we immediately walked away to Charlton, having first, unperceived, seen Prince William ride back again, (of course not very well pleased, and possibly believing I had a hand in his ridiculous adventure.) It seems he was angry, for soon after his royal highness, the late duke of

Gloucester, came and desired to see the Princess, and told her, that his son William had represented to him how very free she permitted sir Sydney Smith to be, and how constantly he was visiting at Montague-house; that it rested with herself to keep her acquaintance at a proper distance; and as sir Sydney was a lively thoughtless man, and had not been accustomed to the company of ladies of her rank, he might forget himself, and she would then have herself to blame—that as a father and an earnest friend he came to her, very sorry indeed to trouble her, but he conjured and begged her to recollect how very peculiar her situation was, and how doubly requisite it was she should be more cautious than other people. To end this lecture (as she called it) she rang the bell, and desired Mr. Cole to fetch me. (M.) I went into the drawing-room, where the Duke and her royal highness were sitting, and she introduced me as an old friend of Prince William's. His royal highness got up, and looked at me very much, and then said, "The Princess has been talking a great deal about you, and tells me you have *made* (N.) one of the most delightful children in the world; and indeed it might be so, when the mother was so handsome and good-natured-looking." By this time I was so used to these fine speeches, either from the Princess, or from her through others, that I was ready to laugh, and only said,

“We did not talk about much beauty, but my little girl was in good health, and her royal highness was very obliging.” As soon as his royal highness was gone, the Princess sat again for me, told me every word she had said, and said, “he is a good man, and therefore I took it as it was meant; but if Prince William had ventured to talk to me himself, I would certainly have boxed his ears; however, as he is so inquisitive, and watches me, I will cheat him, and throw the dust in his eyes, and make him believe sir Sydney comes here to see you, and that you and he are the greatest possible friends. All delight of all things in cheating those clever people.” Her speech and intentions made me serious; and my mind was forcibly struck with the great danger there would follow to myself, if she was this kind of person. I begged her not to think of such a thing, saying, your royal highness knows it is not so, and although I would do much to oblige you, yet, when my own character is at stake, I must stop. Good God, Ma’am, his royal highness would naturally repeat it, and what should I do? Reputation will not bear being sported with. The Princess took me by the hand, and said, “certainly, my dear Lady Douglas, I know very well it is not so, and therefore it does not signify. I am sure it is not so, *that* I am sure of. I have such too good an opinion of you, and too good an opinion of sir Sydney Smith. It would be very bad in him, after sir John’s hospi-

talities to him. I know him incapable of such a thing, for I have known him a long time; but still I wonder too in the same house it does not happen." (O.) By this time I was rather vexed, and said, your royal highness and I think differently—Sir Sydney Smith comes and does as he pleases to his room in our house. I really see little of him. He seems a very good humoured, pleasant man, and I always think one may be upon very friendly terms with men who are friends of one's husbands, without being their humble servants. The Princess argued upon this for an hour; said, this is Miss Garth's argument, but she was mistaken, and it was ridiculous. If ever a woman was upon friendly terms with any man, they were sure to become lovers. (P.) I said, I shall continue to think as Miss Garth did, and that it depended very much upon the lady. Upon the 29th of March, I left Montague House, and the Princess commanded me to be sent up to her bed-chamber. I went and found her in bed, and I took Mrs. Vansittart's note in my hand, announcing the news of Peace. She desired me to sit down close to the bed, and then, taking my hand, she said, "You see, my dear friend, I have the most complaisant husband in the world—I have no one to controul *me*. I see whom I like, I go where I like, I spend what I please, and his royal highness pays for all—other husbands plague their wives, but he never plagues me at all, which is certainly being very polite and

complaisant, and I am better off than my sister, who was heartily beat every day. How much happier am I than the Duchess of York! She and the Duke hate each other, and yet they will be two hypocrites, and live together, that I would never do.—Now I'll shew you a letter wherein the Prince of Wales gives me full leave to follow my own plans." She then put the letter into my hands, the particulars of which I have mentioned. (Q.) When I had finished, I appeared affected, and she said, "You seem to think that a fine thing; now I see nothing in it; but I dare to say that when my beloved had finished it, he fancied it one of the finest pieces of penmanship in the world. I should have been the man, and he the woman. I am a real Brunswick, and do not know what the sensation of fear is; but as to him he lives in eternal warm water, and delights in it, if he can but have his slippers under any old Dowager's table, and sit there scribbling notes; that's his whole delight." She then told every circumstance relative to her marriage, and that she would be separated, and that she had invited the Chancellor very often lately, to try and accomplish it, but they were stupid, and told her it could not be done. It appeared to me that at this time her royal highness's mind was bent upon the accomplishment of this purpose; and it would be found, I think, from Lord Eldon and the others, that she pressed this subject close upon them, whenever they

were at Montague House; for she told me more than once she had. Her royal highness before she put the letter by, said, "I always keep this, for it is ever necessary. I will go into the House of Lords with it myself. The Prince of Wales desires me, in that letter, to choose my own plan of life, and amuse myself as I like; and also, when I lived at Carlton House, he often asked me why I did not select some particular gentleman for my friend, and was surprised I did not."—She then added, "I am not treated at all as a Princess of Wales ought to be. As to the friendship of the Duke of Gloucester's family, I understand that Prince William would like to marry either my daughter or me, if he could. I now therefore am desirous of forming a society of my own choosing, and I beg you always to remember, all your life, that I shall always be happy to see you. I think you very discreet, and the best woman in the world, and I beg you to consider the Tower always as your own; there are offices, and you might almost live there; and if Sir John is ever called away, do not go home to your family; it is not pleasant after people have children, therefore always come to my Tower. I hope to see you there very soon again. The Prince has offered me sixty thousand if I'll go and live at Hanover, but I never will; this is the only country in the world to live in." (R.) She then kissed me, and I took my leave.

While I had been in the round tower in Montague House, which only consists of two rooms and a closet on a floor, I had always my maid and child slept within my room, and sir John was generally with me: he and all my friends having free permission to visit. Mr. Cole (the Page) slept over my room; and a watchman went round the Tower all night. Upon my return home, the same apparent friendship continued, and in one of her royal highness's evening visits she told me, she was come to have a long conversation with me, that she had been in a great agitation, and I must guess what had happened to her. I guessed a great many things, but she said No, to them all, and then said I gave it up, for I had no idea what she could mean, and therefore might guess my whole life without success. "Well then, I must tell you," said her royal highness; "but I am sure you know all the while. I thought you had completely found me out, and therefore I came to you, for you looked droll when I called for ale and fried onions and potatoes, and when I said I eat tongue and chickens at my breakfasts; that I would sure as my life you suspected me; tell me honestly, did you not?" I affected not to understand the Princess at all, and did not really comprehend her. She then said, "well, I'll tell; I am with child, and the child came to life when I was breakfasting with Lady Willoughby. The milk flowed up into my breast so fast, that it came through

my muslin gown, and I was obliged to pretend that I had spilt something, and go up stairs into Lady Willoughby's room, and did very well, but it was an unlucky adventure." I was, indeed, most sincerely concerned for her, conceiving it impossible but she must be ruined, and I expressed my sorrow in the strongest terms, saying, what would she do? she could never carry such an affair through, and I then said I hoped she was mistaken. She said no, she was sure of it, and these sort of things only required a good courage, that she should manage very well; but though she told me she would not employ me in the business, for I was like all the English women, so very nervous; and she had observed me so frightened a few days past, when a horse galloped near me, that she would not let me have any thing to do for the world. The Princess added, " You will be surprised to see how well I manage it, and I am determined to suckle the child myself." I expressed my great apprehensions, and asked her what she would do if the Prince of Wales seized her person, when she was a wet nurse? (S.) She said she would never suffer any one to touch her person: she laughed at my fears, and added, " You know nothing about these things; if you had read *Les Aventures du Chevalier de Grammont*, you would know better what famous tricks Princesses and their ladies played then, and you shall and must read the story of Catherine Parr and a Lady

Douglas of those times; have you never heard of it?" I looked upon it as her own invention to reconcile my mind to these kind of things. After this we often met, and the Princess often alluded to her situation and to mine, and one day as we were sitting together upon the sofa, she put her hand upon her stomach, and said, laughing, "Well, here we sit like Mary and Elizabeth, in the Bible." When she was bled, she used to press me always to be, and used to be quite angry that I would not, and whatever she thought good for herself, always recommended to me. Her royal highness now took every occasion to estrange me from sir John, by laughing at him, and wondering how I could be content with him; urged me constantly to keep my own room, and not to continue to sleep with him, and said, if I had any more children, she would have nothing more to say to me. Her design was evident, and easily seen through, and consequently averted: she naturally wished to keep us apart, lest, in a moment of confidence, I should repeat what she had divulged, and if she estranged me from my husband, she kept me to herself.(T.) I took especial care therefore, that my regard for him should not be undermined. I never told him her situation, and contrary to her wishes, sir John and I remained upon the same happy terms we always had.

It will scarcely be credited, (nevertheless it is strictly true, and those who were present must avow it, or perjure themselves) what liberty the Princess gave both to her thoughts and her tongue, in respect to every part of the royal family. (V.) It was disgusting to us beyond the power of language to describe, and upon such occasions we always believed and hoped she could not be aware of what she was talking about, otherwise common family affection, common sense, and common policy, would have kept her silent. She said, before the two Fitzgeralds, sir Sydney Smith and ourselves, that when Mr. Addington had his house given him, his Majesty did not know what he was about, and waved her hand round and round her head, laughing, and saying "certainly he did not; but the Queen got twenty thousand, so that was all very well." We were all at a loss, and no one said any thing. This was at my house one morning; the rest of the morning passed in abusing Mr. Addington (now Lord Sidmouth), and her critiques upon him closed by saying, "It was not much wonder a Peace was not lasting, when it was made by the son of a quack doctor." (U.) Before Miss Hamond, one evening at my house, she said, "Prince William is going to Russia, and there is to be a grand alliance with a Russian Princess, but it is no very likely, a Russian Princess will marry the grandson of a washerwoman." Sir Sydney Smith, who was present,

begged her pardon, asserted it was not so, and wished to stop her, but she contradicted him, and entered into all she knew of the private history of the Duchess's mother, saying, "she was literally a common washerwoman, and the Duchess need not to take so much pains and not to expose her skin to the open air, when her mother had been in it all day long."

When she was gone, sir John was very much disgusted, and said, her conversation had been so low, and ill judged, and so much below her, that he was perfectly ashamed of her, and she disgraced her station: sir Sidney Smith agreed, and confessed he was astonished, for it must be confessed she was not deserving of her station. After the Duke of Kent had been so kind as to come and take leave of her, before he last left England, upon the day I mentioned, she delivered her critique upon his royal highness, saying, "He had the manners of a Prince, but was a disagreeable man, and not to be trusted, and that his Majesty had told him: 'Now, sir, when you go to Gibraltar, do not make such a trade of it as you did when you went to Halifax.' The Princess repeated, upon my honour it is true; the King said, 'Do not make such a trade of it.' She went on to say, "the Prince at first ordered them all to keep away, but they came now sometimes: however they were no loss, for there is not a man among them all, whom any one can make their friend."

As I was with the Princess one morning in her garden house, his royal highness the Duke of Cumberland waited upon her. As soon as he was gone, she said, "he was a foolish boy, and had been asking her a thousand foolish questions." She then told me every word of his secrets, which he had been telling her; in particular, a long story of Miss Keppel, and that he said, the old woman left them together, and wanted to take him in, and therefore he had cut the connection. She said she liked his countenance best, but she could trace a little family likeness to herself; but for all the rest they were very ill made, and had plum-pudding faces, which she could not bear. His royal highness the Duke of Cambridge was next ridiculed. She said, "he looked exactly like a serjeant, and so vulgar with his ears full of powder." This was her royal highness's usual and favorite mode of amusing herself and her company. The conversation was always about men, praising the Englishmen, reviling all English women, as being the ugliest creatures in the world, and the worst, and always engaged in some project or another, as the impulses of the moment might prompt, without regard to consequences or appearances. Whether she amused other people in the same way, I know not, but she chose to relate to me every private circumstance she knew relative to every part of the royal family, and also every thing relative to her own, with

such strange anecdotes, and *circumstantial accounts of things that are never talked of*; that I again repeat, I hope I shall never hear again; and I remember once in my lying-in-room, she gave such an account of Lady Ann Windham's marriage, and all her husband said on the occasion, that Mrs. Fitzgerald sent her daughter out of the room, while her royal highness finished her story. Such was the person we found her royal highness the Princess of Wales, and as we continued to see her character and faults, sir John and myself more and more, daily and hourly, regretted that the world could not see her as we did, and that his royal highness the Prince of Wales should have lost *any popularity*, when, from her own account (the only account we ever had) *she* was the aggressor from the beginning; herself, *alone*; and I as an humble individual, declare, that from the most *heartfelt* and unfeigned conviction, that I believe if any other married woman had acted as her royal highness has done, I never yet have known a man who could have endured it; and her temper is so tyrannical, capricious, and furious, that no man on earth will ever bear it; and, in private life, any woman who had thus played and sported with her husband's comfort and her husband's popularity, would have been turned out of her house, or left by herself in it, and would deservedly have forfeited her place in society. I therefore again beg leave to repeat, from the

conviction of my own unbiassed understanding, and the conviction of my own eyes, no human being could live with her, excepting her servants for their wages; and any poor unfortunate woman like the Fitzgeralds, for their dinner; (W.) and I trust and hope her real character will sometime or another be displayed, that the people of this country may not be imposed upon. The Princess was now sometimes kind, and at others churlish, especially if I would not fall into her plans of ridiculing sir John. About this time, one day at table with her, she began abusing Lady Rumbold (whom she had invited to see her a few days before, to give her letters of recommendation if she went to Brunswick), and as the abuse was in the usual violent vulgar stile, and I had never seen Lady Rumbold but that one morning, when she was her royal highness's guest, and cared nothing about her, I did not join in reviling her and Miss Rumbold. Sir Sidney Smith was present, and as there appeared a great friendship between the Rumbolds and him, I thought it not civil to him to say any thing, and one always conceives, in being quite silent, one must be safe from offending any party. I was, however, mistaken: for, observing me quite silent, she looked at me in a dreadful passion, and said, " why don't you speak, Lady Douglas? I know you think her ugly as well as us—a vulgar common milliner; Lord Heavens! that she was; and her daughter looks

just like a girl that walks up the street." I suppose she expected, by this thundering appeal, to force me to join in the abuse; but it had a contrary effect upon me. I chose to judge entirely for myself, and I was determined I would not; therefore, when she had raved until she could go on no longer, I said I did not think her ugly: it was a harsh term—I thought her manner very bad, and that she was very ill-dressed; but when young, I thought she must have been a pretty woman. This was past her power of enduring, which I really did not know, or I would have remained silent. She fixed her eyes furiously upon me, and bawled out, "then you're a liar, you're a liar, and the child you're going to have will be a liar." I pushed my plate from me, eat no more, and remained silent, and my first impulse was to push back my chair and quit the house, but the idea that I should break up the party from table, and make a confusion, and also my not being able to walk home, and my carriage not being ordered until night, left me in the chair. The conversation was changed; at last, sir Sidney said again, "Well, these ladies have had a severe trimming, they had better not come to Blackheath; and there sits poor Lady Douglas, looking as if she were going to be executed." As I was very far advanced in pregnancy, it agitated me greatly, and I remained aloof and very shy all the evening. When I afterwards wrote to sir Sidney Smith for sir John

upon some common occurrence, I said, I do not like the Princess of Wales's mode of treating her guests: her calling me a liar was an unpardonable thing, and if she ever speaks upon the subject to you, pray tell her I did not like it, and that, if I had been a man, I would have rather died than endured it; that it is a thing which never on any account occurs to a lady; on a repetition of it I will give up her acquaintance. It seems sir Sidney Smith spoke to the Princess upon the subject; for two days before I was confined, she made me a morning visit with the two Fitzgeralds, and, after having sat a short time, said, "I find you were very much affronted the other day at my house, when I called you a liar; I declare I did not mean it as an affront; Lord heavens! in any other language it is considered a joke; is it not, Mrs. Fitzgerald?" meaning that in Germany it is a very good joke to call people liars, (for Mrs. Fitzgerald does not know any language but German and English); Mrs. Fitzgerald absolutely said, yes. They made me very nervous, and I burst into tears; and told the Princess I only wished her to understand such a thing was never done, and was far from desiring her to apologize to me; that I had now forgiven and forgotten it, though I confess, at the time, I was very much hurt, and very much wounded; that as I never heard of its being thought a joke in any country, (W.W.) I was not in the least prepared to receive it in that light;

for that, in this country, ladies never used the expression and men only to shew their greatest contempt; that I never bore malice twelve hours in my life, and there was an end of the matter. The Fitzgeralds sat by, sometimes as audience, approving by looks; sometimes as orators, begging me not to cry, (after they had made me), and praising her royal highness as the most magnanimous, amiable, good, beautiful, and gracious Princess in the world. In short they tormented me till they made me quite hysterical; and the Princess began then to be frightened, and they all got up to look about the room for hartshorn, or something of that kind, to give me—the Princess crying, “Give her something, give her something; she is very much shook, and her nerves agitated; she will be taken ill.” They gave me some water, I believe, and I did all I could to recover my spirits; but I felt in pain, and sir John came in soon after, and as I knew it would hurry him if he saw me ill, I appeared as cheerful as I could, and they all went away, the Princess taking no notice to him. Her royal highness had always said, she would be at my lying-in from the beginning to the end, and commanded me constantly to let her know, saying, “I have no fear about me, and I would as soon come over the heath in the middle of the night as in the day; I shall have a bottle of port wine on a table to keep up your spirits, a tambourine, and I’ll *make sing*.” (X.)

I was unwell all the night after her royal highness had been with me, and remained so all next day; and next morning by six o'clock was so ill, that Dr. Mackie, of Lewisham, who was to attend me, was sent for. In the forenoon I begged sir John to write a note for Montague-house, where it so happened I was to have dined with the party. He wrote that I had the head-ache, and begged leave to remain at home, and the Princess believed it, and went to town; but upon her return, at five o'clock in the afternoon, she called before she went home to dress, to ask after me, and finding how it was, wanted to run up into the room, but Dr. Mackie said positively she should not come, and locked the door nearest him to keep her out. Miss Cholmondely and Miss Fitzgerald were drove home, and her royal highness and Mrs. Fitzgerald stopped. Upon my giving a loud shriek, she flew in at the other door, and came to me, doing every thing she possibly could to assist me, and held my eyes and head. The moment she heard the child's voice she left me, flew round to Dr. Mackie, pushed the nurse away, and received the child from Doctor Mackie, kissed it, and said no one should touch it until she had shewn it to me. Doctor Mackie was so confused and astonished, that, although an old practitioner, he left the room without giving me any thing to recruit my strength and avert fainting, as is the custom, and the nurse gave me what she thought

best ; by which omission, however, I was not subject to faint away, but it was certainly a new mode of proceeding where life is at stake, and shewed more curiosity than tenderness for me.

Before my little girl was brought to me, I observed, as her royal highness stood holding it, that Mrs. Fitzgerald, the Nurse, and herself, were all intent, and speaking together, as if there was something peculiar in its appearance ; the circumstance alarmed me, fearing it was born with some defect, and I asked eagerly to see it, and if all was right. The Princess upon this brought it to me, and said it was a remarkable large fine child, and they were only looking at a mark it had upon its left breast, certainly a very large one, and a little on its eyes, but it would go off. (Y.) I recollected that, although I never, when in a pregnant state, was subject to whims or longing, as thinking it very troublesome and foolish, yet I felt obliged, in this instance, to believe the old received opinion to be correct ; for it happened, that during my visit at Montague-house, in March, I was one Sunday morning very much incommoded by pains in my chest and stomach, and her royal highness made Mrs. Sander give me some warm peppermint-water ; there was raspberry-ice in the desert the same day, and I had just begun to eat mine, when the Princess looked at me and said, “ My dear Lady Douglas, you have forgotten the pain you were

in this morning ; and, turning to her page, ordered him to take away my plate.

Mr. Cole, the page, removed it, and I can never describe my disappointment. I was almost inclined to remonstrate, although there was a large party of strangers, and I did express a desire to retain it, but the Princess would not allow of it : and as she had appointed herself to the sole management of me, I was obliged to be quiet : my uneasiness, however, became extreme, and forgetting every thing but the ice in question, I asked a Mr. Hamer, who sat next to me, to be so good as to ask for some ice, and, by dint of asking him to do so, I at length induced him, and at last he asked Lady Townsend for some more ice. I immediately took my spoon, and stooping a little, so that the flowers upon the plateau concealed me in part from the Princess, eat all Mr. Hamer's ice, while he looked on laughing, and put his plate a little nearer to me that it might not look so odd. The following day, I eat eight glasses of raspberry ice at once, and was very well after it ; and from that time sought it every where, and eat of it voraciously ; and I cannot help attributing the marks of my little girl to the circumstance. Her royal highness then kissed me, begged me to send for her whenever I liked, and she would come ; desired I might have plenty of flannel about me, of which she had sent me some by Mrs. Fitzgerald, and then went home to

dinner. I know not what she said or did among her party at home, but Miss Cholmondely often said she should never forget the Princess on that day. All the month of August the Princess visited me daily; in one of these visits, after she had sent Mrs. Fitzgerald away, she drew her chair close to the bed, and said, "I am delighted to see how well and easily you have got through this affair; I, who am not the least nervous, shall make nothing at all of it. When you hear of my having taken children in baskets from poor people, take no notice; that is the way I mean to manage: I shall take any that offer, and the one I have will be presented in the same way, which, as I have taken others, will never be thought any thing about." I asked her how she would ever get it out of the house? but she said, "Oh, very easily." I said it was a perilous business; I would go abroad if I were her; but she laughed at my fears, and said she had no doubt but of managing it all very well. I was very glad she did not ask me to assist her, for I was determined in my own mind never to do so, and she never did make any request of me, for which I was very thankful. I put the question to her, Who she would get to deliver her? but she did not answer for a minute, and then said, I shall get a person over; I'll manage it, but never ask me about it; Sander was a good creature, and being immediately about her person and sleeping near her room, must be told; but

Miss Ghaunt must be sent to Germany, and the third maid, a young girl, kept out of the way as well as they could. I suggested, I was afraid her appearance at St. James's could not fail to be observed, and she would have to encounter all the royal family. Her reply was, that she knew how to manage her dress, and by continually increasing large cushions behind, no one would observe, and fortunately birth-days were over, until she should have got rid of her appearance. In this manner passed all the time of my confinement, at the end of which she sent Mrs. Fitzgerald to the church, and when I went to pay my duty to her royal highness, after I went abroad again, she told me, whenever I was quite stout, she would have the child christened, that she meant to stand in person, and I must find another godmother; Sir Sidney Smith would be the godfather. I named the Duchess of Athol, as a very able woman, of suitable rank, and said, that as there had been a long friendship betwixt Sir John's family and the Athol family, I knew it would be very agreeable to him. Finding they were gone to Scotland, we wrote to ask her Grace; and she wrote word she would stand godmother with great pleasure, and enclosed ten guineas for the nurse. The Princess invited Sir Sidney Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Smith, and Baron Herbert, and Sir John Douglas, to dine with her. Miss Cholmondeley and the two Fitzgeralds were with her roy-

al highness, and in the evening they all came ; I staid at home to receive her. The clergyman from Lewisham christened the child ; the Princess named it Caroline Sidney. As soon as he was gone, (which was shortly after the ceremony was over,) the Princess sat down upon the carpet—a thing she was very fond of doing, in preference to sitting upon the chairs, saying, it was the pleasantest lively affair altogether she had ever known : she chose to sit upon the carpet the whole of the evening, while ~~we~~ all sat upon the chairs. Her royal highness was dressed in the lace dress which, I think, she wore at Frogmore fête ; pearl necklace, bracelets, and arm-bands, a pearl bandeau round her head, and a long lace veil. When supper was announced, her royal highness went in and took the head of the table, and eat an amazing supper of chicken and potted lamprey, which she would have served to her on the same plate, and eat them together. (Z.) After supper, she called the attention of the party to my good looks, and saying, I was as lively and as *espiègle* as ever ; said, that I had such sharp eyes, I found her out in every thing, adding, “ Oh ! she found me out one day in such a thing when I was at luncheon, and gave me a look which was so expressive, that I was sure she knew.”

This speech, which passed between herself and me, was algebra to the party. I did not know what to do, but I saw the secret cost her dear to keep, and she was ready to

betray it to any one she met, by the strange things she said and did ; I laughed and said, if my eyes have been too observing I am sorry, I never intended them to be ; I cannot be quite so polite as to say, "if my sight offends I will put it out," because I think with Sheridan, that the prejudice is strongly in favour of two ; but depend upon it, at all future luncheons, I will do nothing but eat. (A.A.) She was in great spirits, staid until two o'clock in the morning, and then, attended by Miss Cholmondeley and the Fitzgeralds, went home. Her royal highness's civilities continued ; she desired me constantly to bring my children to Montague-house, and also the infant ; and when I would have retired to suckle it, she would not suffer me, but commanded me to do it in the drawing-room where she was ; and she came with her ladies visiting me both mornings and evenings, and nursing little Caroline for hours together. I saw now the Princess had told Mrs. Sander, who I believe was a very quiet good kind of woman, and her countenance was full of concern and anxiety. She appeared desirous of speaking to me, and was unusually obsequious : but the Princess always watched us both close ; if Sander came into a room, and I went towards her, the Princess came close or sent one or another away, so that I could never speak to her. The Princess had now quarrelled with sir Sidney Smith, to whom she had been so partial, and to every part of whose fami-

ly she had been so kind, telling us constantly that she liked them all, because old Mr. Smith had saved the Duke of Brunswick's life. (B.B.) As sir John was sir Sidney's friend, she therefore was shy of us all, and we saw little of her—but on the 30th of October, I went to call upon her before I left Blackheath, and met her royal highness just returned from church, walking before her own house with Mrs. Fitzgerald and her daughter, dressed in a long Spanish velvet cloak and an enormous muff, but which together could not conceal the state she was in, for I saw directly she was very near her time, and think I must have seen it if I had not known her situation. She appeared morose, and talked a little, but did not ask us to go in, and after taking a few turns returned home. In about a fortnight, we received a note, the Princess requesting neither sir John or I to go to Montague-house, as her servants were afraid some of the children she had taken had the measles, and if any infection remained about the house, we might carry it to our child. We wrote a note expressive of our thanks for her obliging precautions, and that we would not go to Montague-house, until we had the honor of receiving her royal highness's commands. The Princess never sent for us, and when I left my card before I went to pass Christmas in Gloucestershire, I was not admitted; so that *I never saw her after the 13th* of*

* 30th.

October; but I heard the report of her having adopted an infant, and Miss Fitzgerald told it me as she rode past my house, but would not come in, *for fear she should bring the measles*. Upon my return to Blackheath in January, I called to pay my duty. I found her packing a small black box, and an infant sleeping on a sofa, with a piece of scarlet cloth thrown over it. She appeared confused, and hesitated whether she should be rude or kind, (C.C.) but recovering herself, chose to be the latter; said, she was happy to see me, and then taking me by the hand led me to the sofa, and uncovering the child, said, "Here is the little boy, I had him two days after I saw you last; is not it a nice little child? the upper part of his face is very fine." She was going to have said more, when Mrs. Fitzgerald opened the door and came in. The Princess consulted what I had better have, what would be good for me. I declined any thing, but she insisted upon it I should have some soup, and said, "my dear Fitzgerald, pray go out and order some nice brown soup to be brought here for Lady Douglas." I saw from this the Princess wished to have spoken to me more fully, and Mrs. Fitzgerald saw it likewise, for instead of obeying, she rung the bell for the soup, and then sat down to tell me the whole fable of the child having been brought by a poor woman from Deptford, whose husband had left her; that Mr. Stikeman, the page, had the honour of bringing

it in, that it was a poor little ill-looking thing when first brought, but now, with such great care, was growing very pretty, and that as her royal highness was so good, and had taken the twins (whose father would not let them remain) and taken this, all the poor people would be bringing children. The Princess now took the child up, and I was entertained the whole morning by seeing it fed, and *every service of every kind performed for it by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.* Mrs. Fitzgerald aired the napkins, and *the Princess put them on;* and from this time the drawing-rooms at Montague-house were literally in the stile of a common nursery. The tables were covered with spoons, plates, feeding-boats, and clothes; round the fire were napkins hung to air; and the *marble hearths were strewed with napkins taken from the child;* for, very extraordinary to relate, *this was a part of the ceremony her royal highness was particularly tenacious of always performing herself,* let the company be who they might. At first the child slept with her, she told me, but it made her nervous, and therefore a nurse was hired to assist in taking charge of it, and for him to sleep with. The Princess said one day to me as she was nursing him, he had a little milk for two or three days, but it did not do, so we bring him up by hand with all kind of nourishing things, and you see how well he thrives; so that I really always supposed she had attempted to suckle it.

Another time she showed me his hand, which has a pink mark upon it, and said, it was very singular *both our children* should be marked, and she thought *her child's* came from having some wine thrown on her hand, for she did not look much at little Caroline's mark. The Princess now adopted a new mode of inviting us to see her. She would either invite Sir John or I, but never both together as formerly. I concluded from *this*, that as she found it so difficult to keep *even her own secret*, she could ill imagine I had been able to *keep hers*, and therefore under the impression that by *that time* I must have told Sir John, did not like to meet both our eyes; and if she saw Sir John without me, could better judge by his looks and manner whether I had divulged or not. I conclude she was at length satisfied I had not; for we were one morning both invited again in the former manner, to a breakfast, and as it was a very curious arranged party, I will put down the names; for, to the person who is to peruse this detail, it will confirm the idea, that her royal highness cannot always know correctly what she is about. When we entered, the Princess was sitting on the sofa, elegantly dressed in white and silver drapery, which covered her head and fell all over her person, and she had her little boy upon her knee elegantly dressed likewise. The guests were, Her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte of Wales, with Miss Hunt her Governess, Captain

Manby of the Navy, Mr. Spencer Smith, the Fitzgeralds, and ourselves. She got up and nursed the child, and carrying it to Sir John, said, "here, Sir John, this is the Deptford boy, I suppose you have heard I have taken a little child." Sir John only said, yes, he had, and it seemed a fine baby. She seemed pleased and satisfied that I had not told him, and then sat down to table, putting a chair for Princess Charlotte on her right hand, taking me by the hand and putting me on her left hand, told Captain Manby to sit at the top, and Mr. Spencer Smith at the bottom, and Sir John and the Fitzgeralds faced us. Princess Charlotte had a plain dinner prepared for her in another room, according to custom, and came in when our desert was placed, when we all sat down again as we were sitting, except Miss Hunt, who was never ordered to sit, but stood a few yards from Princess Charlotte. About five o'clock, her royal highness rose from table, the little boy was brought in again, Princess Charlotte played with it, and the Princess of Wales wished all of us a good morning, and we broke up, totally at a loss to conceive what amusement it could be to collect us together. This breakfast was a kind of *finale*. We had very little intercourse. Her royal highness would walk past our house, for the express purpose of shewing she did not mean to come in, and when we did see her she always abused Sir Sidney Smith. Often

said, she wondered I liked to live in such a dull place as Blackheath, and, in short, gave us hints we could not misunderstand, that she wanted us away. At this time, sir John received a letter from his division, expressive of the General's wish, that he would go to Plymouth, and therefore, (without an Admiralty Order) he determined to go, to emancipate ourselves from the Princess of Wales, and as soon as we could dispose of the furniture, I followed him, leaving the house empty which was ours; three months after, I quitted it. The day sir John was to set off, the Princess walked to our house, and though his trunks were in the room, and he was occupied, would have him sit down and talk to her; *overpowering* him and myself *now* with kindness, and said, she could eat something. She did so, staid four hours in the house, and at parting, took sir John by both hands, wished him every good wish, and begged him always to recollect how happy she should be to see him again, and that she would be *very kind to me during his absence*; however, after he was gone, she never came near me, or offered me any kind of civility whatsoever.

When I was on the eve of departure, I called upon her and took her god-daughter and my other little girl with me. She was almost uncivil, and paid little or no attention if I spoke. I said the children were with me, but she did not answer, and after spending four or five hours

very unpleasantly, suffering all the unpleasant feeling of being where I had been courted and idolized, I begged permission at last to go away. When I went out, to my surprise, I found the children had been kept in the passage near the front door, with the door open to Blackheath, in a December day, with four opposite doors opened and shut upon them, instead of being taken to the housekeeper's room, as they always had been. My maid had at length begged the footman to go to a fire, as the children cried dreadfully, and were very cold. I understand the man was a footman of the name of Gaskin, I think, and his answer was, if the children are cold, you can put them back into the carriage, and warm them. I took them home immediately, and was inclined to return and ask why they had been thus all of a sudden treated with this brutality and impertinence, and which was doubly cruel in sir John's absence; but I deferred going until I meant to take my final leave, which I did on the following Sunday. Doctor Burnaby was standing in the hall with every thing prepared for the Princess to receive the sacrament. I was ushered through notwithstanding, and the footmen seemed to go to and fro as much at their ease, as if no such thing was preparing. She was standing in the drawing-room, and received me with Mrs. Lisle and Mrs. Fitzgerald. I said I should have been gone before, had it been in my power, and in compliance

with her commands, had come to take my leave. She did not ask me to sit down, but said—God bless you; good bye. I then said, I was much concerned I had brought my little girls a few days past, and that I should never have done so, but from her royal highness's repeated desire. She said, she was sorry; and asked, who used them so. I told her, one of her livery servants, and sir John would not like to hear it. Her royal highness said, stop a moment; flew past me through the hall where Doctor Burnaby stood waiting for her, up to her own room, and returned with a white-paper box, pushing it into my hand—God bless you, my dear Lady Douglas. I said, I wished to decline taking any thing, that my object in coming there was to offer her my duty, and tell her how ill my children had been used. I could not conceive how any footman could use the freedom of treating sir John's children so, unless he had been desired. She only answered, "Oh! no, indeed: good bye." I attempted to put the box into her hands, saying I had rather not have it; but she dropped her hands and turned away. I therefore wished Mrs. Lisle and Miss Fitzgerald good morning and went away. Doctor Burnaby spoke to me as I passed him, and, looking back, I saw her royal highness's head; she was looking out after me to see if she had fairly got rid of me, and laughing immoderately at Dr. Burnaby in his gown. I quitted her

house, resolved never to re-enter it but for form-sake, and wrote her word, that as I had long been treated rudely and my children whom she courted to her house, were now insulted there, I felt a dislike to accepting a present thrown at me, as it were, under such unpleasant circumstances; that I had not untied the box, and requested she would permit me to return it; and that as I was an English gentlewoman, and defied her to say she had ever seen a single impropriety in my conduct, I would never suffer myself to be ill used without a clear explanation. The Princess wrote back a most haughty imperious reply, desiring me to keep the box, stiled herself Princess of Wales, in almost every line, and insulted me to such a degree, that I returned an answer insisting upon her explaining herself. (D.D.) This she returned me unopened, saying, she would not open my second letter, and had therefore sent it to me to put in the fire, and that she was ready to put the matter in oblivion, as she desired me to do, wished me and my dear little children well, and should at all times be glad to see her former neighbour. I did as she desired, and went away at Christmas without ever seeing or hearing more of her royal highness, and found in the paper box a gold necklace, with a medallion suspended from it.

Thus ended my intercourse, for the present, with the Princess of Wales, and the year 1803.

When we resided in Devonshire, seeing by the papers that her royal highness was ill, we sent a note of enquiry to the lady in waiting, which was answered very politely, and even in a friendly manner, by her royal highness's orders. Upon the arrival of the Duke of Sussex from abroad, sir John returned to town to attend him, and when we drove to Blackheath to see our friends, I left my card for her royal highness, who was visiting Mr. Canning; the moment she returned home she commanded Mrs. Vernon to send me word never to repeat my visits to Blackheath. I gave sir John the note, and must confess, accustomed as I had been to her haughty overbearing caprice, yet this exceeded my belief of what she was capable of, being so inconsistent with her two last letters; but the fact was, she thought we were gone above 200 miles from her, and should be there for many years, and she never calculated upon the return of his royal highness the Duke of Sussex, having very often told me his royal highness would never live in England, in his majesty's lifetime; that she was certain of that, and had reasons for knowing it; and sir John would never have him here.(E.E.) I suppose she had taken this into her head, because she wished it; and, therefore, the return of his royal highness was a mortal death-blow to all her hopes on this score; and when she found that his royal highness was not only returned, but that sir John was in attendance, and that

his royal highness was at Carlton-house, where 'sir John might see and have the honour of being made known to the Prince of Wales, her *fear* and *rage* got the better of every prudent consideration, and she commanded Mrs. Vernon to dismiss me as I have mentioned. Had the Princess of Wales written to me herself, and told me, in a civil manner, that she would thank me to keep away, I should have acquainted her, that I wished to do so, and had only called for the sake of appearances, and there the matter would have ended; unless I had ever been called upon (as I am now) by his Majesty, or the heir apparent. *In that case*, as in this, I should have made it my sacred duty to have answered, as upon my oath: but the circumstance of being driven out of her house by the hands of the lady in waiting, as if I had deserved it, and as if I were a culprit, was wounding one with a poisoned arrow, which left the wound to fester after it had torn and stabbed me; it was a refinement in insult, for the Princess had always been in the habit of writing to me *herself*, and had commanded me never to hold intercourse with her through her ladies, but *always* directly to *herself*; and so particular were her directions and permission upon this head, that she told me never to put my letters under cover, but always direct them to herself.(FF.) I felt so miserable, that Mrs. Vernon, to whom I was known, and for whom sir John and myself had an esteem, should think ill of me,

and I therefore wrote to the Princess, saying, " From the moment she judged proper to come into my family, I always conducted myself to her royal highness with the respect her high station demanded; and that when she forced her secrets upon me, I had (whatsoever my sentiments were) kept them most honourably for her, never yet having told sir John, although I gave him my full confidence in all other things; nor had I even, under my present aggravation, imparted it, or meant:--that after such generous conduct on my part, I was at a loss to conceive what she proposed to *herself* by persecuting me; that I was afflicted at being so placed in the opinion of a good woman, like Mrs. Vernon, and who was free to say what she pleased upon the subject *every where*; that it was half as bad to be *thought* ill of as to deserve it; and that I would wait upon Mrs. Vernon, and detail to her a circumstantial account of every thing which had occurred since I had known her royal highness; and I would acquaint my husband and family with the same, and leave them, and the circle of my friends, to judge betwixt her royal highness and myself; that I would not lie under an imputation of having done wrong; and I took my leave of her royal highness *for ever*, only first regretting I had ever known her, and thankful to be emancipated from Montague-house, and that she owed it to me to have,

at least dismissed me in a civil manner, by her *own hands*."

This letter her royal highness returned unopened; but from its appearances, I had strong reason to believe she had read it. I was resolved, however, if she had not, she should be taught better, as she might not treat any other person so ill as she had me, and my mind was bent upon speaking to Mrs. Vernon. I was nearly certain, if I wrote to Mrs. Vernon, the Princess would make her send my letter back, and therefore I wrote Mrs. Fitzgerald nearly a copy of what I sent her royal highness, and called upon *her*, as she had been always present, to say, if she ever saw any thing in my behaviour to justify any rudeness towards me; that I was precisely what the Princess found me, when the Princess walked up to *her knees in snow to seek my acquaintance*, and precisely *the same individual* whom she had thought worthy of the strongest proofs of her friendship, and whose lying-in she had attended in so particular a manner, and had thought worthy of shedding tears over; that her royal highness had thought proper to confide in me a secret, of very *serious importance* to herself; and I would not, after acting in the most honourable manner to *her*, be dismissed by a lady in waiting; and I meant to be at Montague-house, and have a satisfactory conversation with Mrs. Vernon; and therefore she would be so good as acquaint her royal highness with the contents

of my letter, or lay it before her royal highness. (G.G.) Mrs. Fitzgerald sent back a confused note, saying, she could not shew the Princess my letter, unless she was called upon; and when she opened it her disappointment was great, for she expected to have found respectful inquiries after her royal highness's finger (which was hurt when she went to see Mr. Canning), and that I might make my mind easy, as ladies in waiting never repeated any thing; and she was astonished I had thrown out such a hint. A day or two after a note was sent to sir John, as if nothing had happened, requesting him to go to Montague-house. The servant who brought it, drove Mrs. Vernon from Blackheath home to her own house in town, and I have no doubt it will be found (if inquiry is made) that Mrs. Vernon was put prematurely out of her waiting, lest I should explain with her. Sir John obeyed her royal highness's summons, and she received him in the most gracious pleasant manner, taking as much pains to please and flatter him *now* as she had formerly done by me, and began a conversation with him relating to a General Innes, of the Marines, whom the Admiralty thought proper, with many others, to put upon the retired list; she expressed an ardent desire to get that officer reinstated, and consulted sir John, as belonging to the same corps, how she could accomplish such an undertaking. Sir John listened to her attentively, and made her short and very

polite answers, acquainting her no such thing was ever done. She then said she must speak to Lord Melville about it, as it was a hard case. The luncheon was then announced, and she ordered sir John to attend herself and the ladies. Sir John found Mrs. Vernon was sent off, and a lady was there whom he did not know, but thought was lady Carnarvon. When they were all seated sir John remained on his legs, and she looked anxiously on him, and said, "My dear sir John, sit down and eat." He bowed with distant respect, and said he could not eat; that he was desirous of returning to town, and if her royal highness had no further business with him he would beg leave to go. The Princess looked quite disconcerted, and said, "what not eat any thing, not sit down: pray take a glass of wine then." He bowed again as before and repeated that he could neither eat nor drink. "Well then," she said, "come again soon, my dear sir John; always glad to see you." Sir John made no reply, bowed and left the room. I now received, by the twopenny post, a long anonymous letter, written by this restless mischievous person, the Princess of Wales, in which, in language, which any one who had ever heard her speak, would have known to be hers, she called me all kind of names, impudent, *silly*, *wretched*, *ungrateful*, and illiteral (meaning illiterate), she tells me to take *that*, and it will mend my *ill-temper*, &c. &c. &c. and says, she is a person

high in this government, and has often an opportunity of *freely with His Majesty, and she thinks my conduct authorises her to tell him *off*, and that *she* is my only true and *integer friend*. Such is the spirit of this foreigner, which would have disgraced a house-maid to have written, and it encloses a fabricated anonymous letter, which she pretends to have received, and upon which she built her doubts and disapprobation of me, as it advises her not to trust me, for that I am indiscreet, and tell every body that the child she took from Deptford, was her own. The whole construction of both these epistles, 'from beginning to end,' are evidently that of a foreigner, and a very ignorant one, and the vulgarity of it is altogether quite shocking. In one part she exclaims that she did not think that I should have had the *impudence* to come on her door again, and tells me 'tis for my being *indiscreet* and *not having allowed her to call me a liar*, that she treats me *thus*, and that I would do well to remember the story of *Henry the Eighth's Queen, and Lady Douglas*. I was instantly satisfied it was from her royal highness the Princess of Wales, and that Mrs. Fitzgerald had shewn her my letter, and this was the answer to it. I immediately carried it to sir John Douglas, who said he was sure it came from the Princess, and he shewed it to sir Sidney

* So in the authenticated copy; some words seem omitted.

Smith, who said, every word and expression in it were those which the Princess of Wales constantly used.(H.H.) Sir John desired me now to give him a full explanation of what her royal highness the Princess of Wales had confided to me, and whether I had ever mentioned it. I gave him my solemn word of honour it had never passed my lips, and I was only now going to utter it at his positive desire.(I.I.)

That her royal highness the Princess of Wales told me she was with child, and that it came to life at Lady Willoughby's, that if she was discovered she would give the Prince of Wales the credit, for she slept at Carlton-house twice the year she was pregnant; that she often spoke of her situation, compared herself and me to Mary and Elizabeth, and told me, when she shewed me the child, that it was the little boy she had two days after I last saw her, that was the 30th of October; therefore her son was born upon the 1st of November, and I took a retrospect view of things after I knew the day of his birth, and found her royal highness must have gone down stairs and dined with all the Chancellors about the 4th day after she was delivered, with the intention, if discovered, of having them all to say they dined with her in perfect health so early in November, that it could not be. Sir John recollected all her whims, and went over her whole conduct, and he firmly believes her to be *the mother of the reputed Dept-*

ford child. (K.K.) I then acquainted him of the pains she had taken to estrange my mind and affections from him, and he saw her pursuit of now changing sides, and endeavouring to estrange him from me, lest, if we lived in a happy state of confidence, I might make known her situation to him: and we agreed, that as we had no means of communicating at present with his Majesty, or the heir apparent, we must wait patiently until called upon to bring forward her conduct, as there seemed little doubt we should one day be. Finding that sir John Douglas did not choose to visit where his wife was discarded and hurt in the estimation of her acquaintance, her fury became so unbounded that she sought what she could do most atrocious, wicked, and inhuman; she reached her* it would seem, and the result was, she made two drawings with a pen and ink, and sent them to us by the twopenny post, representing me as having disgraced myself with his old friend sir Sidney Smith. They are of the most indecent nature, drawn with her own hand, and words upon them in her own hand-writing. (L.L.) Sir John, sir Sidney, and myself, can all swear point blank, without a moment's hesitation; and if her royal highness is a subject and amenable to the laws of this country (and I conceive her to be so,) she ought to be tried and judged by those laws for

* A blank in the authenticated copy,

doing thus, to throw firebrands into the bosom of a quiet family.

My husband, with that cool good sense which has ever marked his character, and with a belief in my innocence, which nothing but facts can stagger (for it is founded upon my having been faithful to him nine years before we were married, and seven years since), as well as his long acquaintance with sir Sidney Smith's character and disposition, and having seen the Princess of Wales's loose and vicious character, put the letters in his pocket, and went instantly to sir Sidney Smith. Sir Sidney was as much astonished as we had been. Sir John then told him, he put the question to him, and expected an answer such as an officer and gentleman ought to give to his friend; sir Sidney Smith gave sir John his hand, as his old friend and companion, and assured him, in the most solemn manner, as an officer and gentleman, that the whole was the most audacious and wicked calumny; and he would swear to its being the hand-writing of the Princess of Wales; and that he believed Lady Douglas to be the same virtuous domestic woman he thought her, when sir John first made him known to her. Sir Sidney added, "I never said a word to your wife, but what you might have heard; and had I been so base as to attempt any thing of the kind under your roof, I should deserve for you to shoot me like a mad dog. I am ready to go with Lady

Douglas and yourself, and let us ask her what she means by it; confront her." Accordingly Sir John wrote a note to the lady in waiting, which was to this effect; "sir John and Lady Douglas, and sir Sidney Smith, present their compliments to the lady in waiting, and request she will have the goodness to say to her royal highness the Princess of Wales, that they are desirous of having an audience of her royal highness immediately." We received no answer to this note, but in a few days, an answer was sent to sir Sidney Smith, stating, that her royal highness the Princess of Wales was much indisposed and could not see any one at present. This was directed to sir Sidney Smith, at our house, although he did not live there. This was an acknowledgement of her guilt: she could not face us; it was satisfactory to us all, for it said—I am the author, let me off; but to make one's satisfaction upon this the more perfect, and to warn her of the danger she run of discovery, when she did such flagrant things, I wrote the under-written note and put it into the Post-office, directed to herself.

"MADAM,

"I received your former anonymous letter safe; also, your two last, with drawings.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLOTTE DOUGLAS."

It appears evident that her royal highness received this safe, and felt how she had committed herself, for, instead of returning it in the old style, she sent for his royal highness the Duke of Kent, and requested him to send for sir Sidney, and by the post sir Sidney received an anonymous letter, saying, the writer of that wished for no *civil dissensions*, and that there seldom was a difference where, if the parties wished it, they could not arrange matters. Sir Sidney Smith brought this curious letter to shew sir John, and we were all satisfied it was from her royal highness, who, thinking sir Sidney and sir John might, by this time, be cutting each other's throats, sent very graciously to stop them; in short, she called them *civil dissensions*. His royal highness the Duke of Kent, being employed to negotiate, sent for sir Sidney Smith, and acquainted him, that he was desired by her royal highness to say, that she would see sir Sidney Smith in the course of a few days, provided, when he came to her, he avoided all disagreeable discussions whatsoever. His royal highness the Duke of Kent then sought from sir Sidney an explanation of the matter: sir Sidney Smith then gave the Duke of Kent a full detail of circumstances, and ended by saying, "We all could, and would, swear the drawings and words contained in those covers were written by the Princess of Wales; for, as if she were fully to convict herself, she had sealed one of the covers with the identical

seal she had used upon the cover, when she summoned sir John to luncheon at Montague-house." His royal highness the Duke of Kent, finding what a scrape she had entangled herself in, exclaimed ; " Abominable! foolish, to be sure ; but sir Sidney Smith, as this matter, if it makes a noise, may distress his Majesty, and be injurious to his health, I wish sir John and Lady Douglas would (at least for the present) try to forget it ; and if my making them a visit would be agreeable, and soothe their minds, I will go with all my heart, though I am not yet acquainted with them, and I will speak fully to the Princess of Wales, and point out to her the danger of doing such things ; but, at all events, it would be very injurious to his Majesty's health, if it came to his ears just now." Sir Sidney Smith came from his royal highness the Duke of Kent to us, and delivered his royal highness's message. Sir John declined all negociation : but told sir Sidney Smith, that he was empowered to say, to the Duke of Kent from him, that of whatsoever extent he might

* his injuries, and however anxious I might be to seek justice, yet when he received such an intimation from one of the royal family, he would certainly pause before he took any of those measures he meant to take ; and if that was the case, and his royal highness

* So in the authenticated copy.

Duke of Kent was desirous of his being quiet, lest his Majesty's health or peace might be disturbed by it, his duty and his attachment to his Sovereign were so sincere, that he would bury (for the present) his private calamity, for the sake of his Majesty's repose and the public good; but he begged to be clearly understood, that he did not mean to bind himself hereafter, but reserve to himself a full right of exposing the Princess of Wales, when he judged it might be done with the greatest effect, and when it was not likely to disturb the repose of this country. (M.M.)

Sir Sidney Smith told* us that he had delivered sir John's message, *verbatim*, to the Duke of Kent; and a short time afterwards, his royal highness commanded Sir John and sir Sidney to dine with him at Kensington Palace; but the Duke of Kent did not speak to sir John upon the subject, and the matter rested there, and would have slept for a time, had not the Princess of Wales recommenced a fresh torrent of outrage against sir John; and had he not discovered, that she was attempting to undermine his and Lady Douglas's character. Sir John, therefore, was compelled to communicate his situation to his royal highness the Duke of Sussex, in order that he might acquaint the royal family of the manner the Princess of Wales was proceeding in, and to claim his Majesty's and the heir apparent's protection. His royal highness the Duke of Sussex, with that goodness and

consideration sir John expected from him, has informed his royal highness the Prince of Wales, who sent sir John word, that " He desired to have a full detail of all that passed during their acquaintance with her royal highness the Princess of Wales, and how they became known to her, it appearing to the heir apparent, from the representation of his royal highness the duke of Sussex, that his Majesty's dearest interests, and those of this country, were very deeply involved in the question; his royal highness the Prince of Wales has commanded them to be very circumstantial in their detail respecting all they may know relative to the child the Princess of Wales affected to adopt. Sir John and Lady Douglas repeat, that, being so called upon, they feel it their duty to detail what they know, for the information of his Majesty and the Prince of Wales, and they have so done, as upon oath, after having very seriously considered the matter, and are ready to authenticate whatever they have said, if it should be required, for his Majesty's further information. I have drawn up this detail in the best manner I could; and fear, from my never having before attempted a thing of the kind, it will be full of errors, and being much fatigued from writing of it, from the original, in eight and forty hours; of the facts contained therein, I believe they are correct; I am ready to assert, in the most solemn manner, that I know them all to be true.

CHARLOTTE DOUGLAS.

COMMENTARIES

ON THE PRECEDING

NARRATIVE.



(A.) Page 46. It ought not to be here a question, whether this assertion be true or false. Notwithstanding all that can be advanced by interest or partiality, the public will exercise a discretionary opinion, that is to say, they will argue on the *probability* or *improbability* of certain parts of the narrative, from the apparent consistency of the whole. One question however may be asked; did the Princess, or did she not, sleep two nights at Carlton-house? The commencing sentences of the narrative

show, that the demand made upon Lady D. for information, was of a nature not to be evaded. What she says about her sense of duty, must be acknowledged to be moral, sensible, and proper.

(B.) Page 46. Are not these very creditable and justifiable reasons for her interference? Any person so educated and connected, must have felt a similar inclination to make the exposure; but few would have had sufficient resolution to place themselves in a condition for encountering those dangers and that obloquy, which might have been anticipated as the result of the investigation, provided that it should terminate in the way it has done. It could have required no penetration on the part of Lady Douglas to foresee that she would inevitably become an object of general indignation and injustice, as long as any part of her exposition were not implicitly believed. On the other hand, if it happened (as in fact it did) that her *ipsa dixit* had not been deemed sufficient evidence to authorise any *public* proceedings, she would nevertheless have been regarded by the public as a malignant calumniator, and the prejudice would even have been stronger against her, from the very circumstance of her details having *apparently* received no credence. Even the *pretended friends* of the Princess of Wales would not have failed to seize on this circumstance to blast the unfortunate Lady's reputation and

destroy her peace. We therefore repeat and insist, that an evident proof of fortitude, on the part of Lady Douglas, is, her making such a statement. Besides, her assertion, that she entered upon these particulars by desire of the Heir Apparent, (who could not feel otherwise than deeply interested in acquiring a just knowledge of the facts,) is sufficient to inspire the opinion that she was actuated by no other motive in this exposure, than her loyalty, or attachment to the Royal Family, to whom it appears her husband was devoted, not only as a public servant, but from motives of grateful attachment for private patronage. This person, however, and his lady, are by no means *solitary* instances of the instability of royal friendships. There is, perhaps, nothing more injurious to individual prosperity, than zealous attachment to the great from *principle* alone; as such earnest attachments scarcely ever meet with other recompense than apathy, neglect, and callous ingratitude, and are therefore at best but a thankless waste of talents and integrity.

(C.) Page 48, line 10 from the bottom. Nothing can be more likely than the preceding passages. It was extremely probable that sir Sidney Smith was the informant. He is an enthusiastic sort of character; though we believe, that, *sailor-like*, his virtues may be assimilated with those

of the *African negroes*, which, according to the investigations of President Jefferson, of America, lie more in the *heart* than the *head*! Reverting however to the sentence on which this note depends, who knows that sir Sidney's eulogies on the *beauty* and accomplishments of Lady Douglas may not have been the first *excitations* of that *female curiosity* which led to the intercourse between her and the Princess of Wales! This said female curiosity is a deuce of a thing! A little touch of it must, we think, have operated upon that buxom demirep, Mary Wilson, who told Fanny Lleyd, that one day she saw something going forwards, at Montague-house, that "harrowed up her soul," and made "each *particular hair* to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine!"* As to sir Sidney, he is a *hero*, alike *victorious* in the fields of Mars and Venus; and his well-known *prowess*, like that of Mark Antony and Cæsar, cannot but be a *carte-blanche* of introduction to the notice of the softer sex! If report say true, it is not *only* at Montague-house that this fortunate admiral has *made a figure*. The little tyrant, Cupid, is reported to have tipped the point of his *dirk* with that subtle, insinuating poison, which, when aided by the imposing auxiliaries of an *uniform*, and fame for *deeds of arms*, does so much mischief in the world! Indeed, *fame* and *externals* will at any time impart to a

* See Edwards's Edition of the Book, p. 104.

brawny, broad-shouldered waggoner, the graces of an Adonis, and level all distinctions to one common rank, with more effect than all the *patriotism* on earth! But it is known that the Knight of Jerusalem is *equi-distant* in pretensions, between the two extreme characters which we have coupled by way of contrast. We must, however, say a word or two more concerning this gallant admiral. Most of our readers may recollect, that sometime ago, it was asserted in all the newspapers, that "at an interview with a certain eminent character, he had entered into *such explanations* of the occurrences at Montague-house as were deemed perfectly *satisfactory*, as far as related to *himself*, and that he had, in consequence, the honour of dining with the Personage in question." Now, suppose, that by one of those extraordinary means, which are not to be accounted for, the whole of his *precious table-talk* should be known to those who could, if they should think fit, give it publicity! Would it not be a sort of a *treat*, to enliven the dull routine of insipidity which prevails at the winter card-tables? This and much more certainly is known to those who can go on with the subject as long as they think proper; and afterwards the Devil, or any one else, may furnish the supplement!

(D.) Page 49. This circumstance, trifling as it seems,

is nevertheless of great consequence to our illustrations. It shows that the Princess *forced* the intercourse. Her curiosity, as we have already hinted, seems to have been powerfully excited by the unqualified eulogiums of sir Sidney Smith, and this passion was not satiated with a single interview. With the natural and justifiable propensity of the sex, she wished to know more of the female in whose praise the *men* spoke so loudly. She, therefore, not only invites her to her house, but introduces her, as a *chosen associate*, to her *select and noble friends*! This much at least, we are authorised to infer, from the part of the narrative now under consideration.

(E.) Page 50. In this as well as some other parts of the narrative, there certainly does seem something *extremely capricious*, and it might be said, even *fulsome*, on the part of the Princess of Wales. We are certain, that any *English* lady must be disgusted with such nauseating liberties, if such were ever taken with her, by one of her own sex: they remind us of the "*Memoirs of Antonina, Queen of Abo!*" The only palliation which can be offered for such freedoms is the *loose* and perhaps *harmless*, but certainly *indelicate*, customs of the continent! Without any inclination to place implicit confidence in this part of the narrative, we shall nevertheless here take occasion to say, that whatever may be the prejudice against Lady

Douglas on account of the contents of *the whole* of her remarks, there are some parts which bear such evident marks of *probability*, that sophistry itself would be lost in attempting to enter the mazes of justification!

(F.) Page 50. It is very likely, admitting this not to be totally destitute of truth, that many of the associates of the Princess of Wales, who were then present, must have been struck with this absurd conduct; and it may have become the subject of their subsequent observations. Indeed, if various sinister remarks were not well known to have been current on this very topic, long before the appearance of *the Book*, one might the more easily suppose it to be altogether a fabrication. But every person connected with the fashionable world, knows such matters to have been the theme of constant conversation in all high associations.

(G.) Page 51. Now, suppose the question of the veracity of Lady Douglas were to be put at issue on the truth or falsehood of this very passage. Could the Duke of Kent not recollect whether any thing so ridiculously gallant did or did not take place? *Suppose the censurable indiscretions of the end of last year should be renewed in the present season*, how easily might recourse be had to such evidence as would rebut the charges of the

"*stingers and venomers!*" Certainly the Duke of Kent could either give an unequivocal denial of the occurrence, or he must admit the statement to be literally correct; for it is too brief and pointed to be frittered down or modified.

(H.) Page 51. Enough has already been said (that is, presupposing any veracity in the narrative) to justify this opinion of Lady Douglas; the term might have been more strong without any violation of propriety.

(I.) Page 53. In the whole of the preceding passages, there is described a degree of kindness on the part of the Princess towards Lady Douglas which indicates a formation of the strongest partiality. The offer was of that generous and condescending nature which never fails to excite gratitude in the breast of parties so honoured, provided they have any pretensions to decency or sentiment. Could it then be any *trifle*, any insignificant or pitiful *pique*, which could have induced Lady Douglas to *invent* gross and scandalous falsehoods and calumnies? There may be such baseness in the world; but it must appear to us in a "*tangible shape*," before we can give credit to it! Consistency, leaving decency out of the question, is at variance with the supposition that this story is the "*mere invention of an enemy*." We are, therefore, on

the whole, more than ever inclined to believe in the assertion at page 45, respecting the *only motives* that induced Lady D. to make the exposure.

(K.) Page 54. This is really a very strong and bold assertion. It is one of those which have drawn down so much contumely upon the head of the unfortunate author; and we may be certain, that it is either an *infamous libel*, or it must have some *foundation in fact*. All who have been acquainted with that personage must know well enough, whether her general conversation could be at all liable to the construction here put upon it. The concluding inference of Lady Douglas may be deemed *severe*; but, if the previous assertions have the least foundation, then is the conclusion *liberal*, inasmuch as it seeks to find a natural justification for what is morally indefensible!

(L.) Page 55. This is a mere matter of opinion, which the public have no more right to believe than they have to censure the author for asserting it. It has been said, and most truly, that women are no judges of each others' *beauty*. *Talents*, however, may be estimated by an unerring scale; and such is their attraction, when possessed by females in high or genteel life, that one hour's conversation affords sufficient scope to discover the full

extent of them. We should be sorry to believe that Lady Douglas has not here been influenced by some portion of prejudice.

(M.) Page 56. The whole of this story is ludicrous, nay, ridiculous; and its accuracy appears less questionable than several of the other assertions in the narrative. It would make a good scene in a modern novel.

(N.) Page 56. This and other parts of some sentences, in the narrative, though marked in italic letters by Lady Douglas, are no farther worthy of notice than because they are *German idioms*. Persons unacquainted with this fact, may be apt to put an indelicate construction upon the phrase, as it appears in print. We may, however, observe, *en passant*, that foreigners, even when well acquainted with our language, find nothing so difficult as to get rid of these idioms. It is evident, that Lady Douglas *has recorded them in a way which she could not have done, unless accustomed to the talk of persons who do not speak English correctly.*

(O.) Page 58. There is certainly nothing *criminal* in this expression of astonishment; for we have lamentable proofs that such things are *always happening*. Alas! many a baneful, slippery, serpent insinuates itself

into the Eden of domestic happiness, and gluts upon FORBIDDEN FRUIT: hence, when hospitality is so frequently invaded by the infamy of *false friends*, the finding of *exceptions* in high life is as surprising as it is creditable to those ladies who are less licentious than their neighbours!

(P.) Page 38. This is, indeed, the true philosophy of the German school; and, if the opinion in question were really that of the Personage alluded to, she must be a profound admirer of the works of that school, which would have made dreadful havoc on the foundations of our morality, if British good sense had not consigned them to merited contempt and oblivion.

(Q.) Page 59. There has been by far too much consequence attached to this Letter. Every body who had heard it mentioned before the appearance of the Book, believed it to be a *carte blanche*, for the Princess to *fill up*, in what manner she pleased! We surely need not enlarge upon the fact, that it is nothing of the kind; nor can the most splenetic critic torture it into a document which allows the smallest liberty to the Lady, beyond a conduct of strict propriety. There is no other part of *the Book*, at the publicity of which the illustrious *Letter-writer* has so much reason to be gratified; as it vindicates

his character from a groundless, though *reputed stain*, to which it had for years been subjected.

(R.) Page 60. Her Royal Highness's subsequent experience must have amply convinced her of what she might here have meant to say. The Addressers, amidst all their fulsome flattery, took care to remind her, that *this* is the only country in which *justice* can be obtained by persons of every rank. We trust the melancholy fate of her illustrious and unfortunate aunt, the late Queen of Denmark, was present in her mind's eye, when she paid this feeling tribute to British liberty.

(S.) Page 62. A very natural apprehension of Lady Douglas: though the same question might have been asked by any other female, on hearing so preposterous an exposition.

(T.) Page 63. We cannot admit this inference to be correct. Has Lady Douglas ever known such an instance as she here pre-supposes? We think not. But we have more to say on this subject, which may not be very pleasing to Lady Douglas herself, though it will be one farther proof of our own independence of all parties, or persons, named in this publication. There is a blunt old English proverb, which is here very apposite; it runs

thus: "Give even unto *the Devil* his due!" Now we cannot for a moment persuade ourselves that the passages which precede this note have a just foundation. We have, all through this our pamphlet, defended Lady D. on the ground of her having *sworn* to the principal points in this statement; and we repeat, that till proofs of *perjury* be offered, the world is bound to believe her. Still there is something so *unnaturally improbable* in this part of her narrative, that we would fain persuade ourselves it is altogether a gross misconstruction of certain ideas expressed in *imperfect English*! But if this liberal supposition were to be contested, how greatly must the character of Lady Douglas sink, through her conduct on the occasion, if not in point of morality, at least in the scale of intellectual firmness. If it were possible that she could have been so grossly insulted, it ought not to have required a moment's hesitation on her part, to resolve to quit, for ever, a mansion, in which so great an outrage had been offered to her sense of modesty and decency! Even if she were a *timid* woman, she might at least have summoned sufficient fortitude to inform her husband of the disgusting particulars; for not even *Royalty*, or any thing that bears its semblance, should ever be suffered to abase the dignity of female *virtue*. If it could be said, that a proper retort and abrupt departure might have been taken as insult, we answer, let it have been so; and it would have been be-

yond all comparison *inferior* to the insult which, according to her own account, she herself had received. How different was the conduct of PUBLIUS RUTILIUS, as recorded by VALERIUS!—but he, to be sure, was not a *woman*, but a spirited Roman:—being requested by his Prince and companion to do something inconsistent with the dignity of his character, he sharply refused; on which the Prince asked him what the better he was for his friendship, if he would hesitate at such a trifling proposition as was made to him? Stop, said RUTILIUS, and tell me what the better *I* am for such a friend as *you*, who would wish me to compromise my morality!—But we see how it was with Lady Douglas; she was, throughout her intercourse at Montague-house, *afraid of giving offence!*

(V.) Page 64. Why has not Lady Douglas published the names of all the persons who were present on such occasions, as witnesses of such disreputable conversation, *if it really did take place*, for here again we cannot persuade ourselves that Lady Douglas has not fallen into some unintentional error. It is very difficult to recollect the particulars of a desultory conversation. We have ourselves heard strange sayings in private, by several persons, who we know were, at the time in question, constant visitors at Montague-house. We could even insert the names of some ten or twelve distinguished characters, who used to

amuse themselves and their friends with a series of *delectable* anecdotes ! But we are too charitable to draw the eyes of the public upon many *fashionable* persons, whose characters would not receive the smallest benefit from the elucidations which we could throw upon them.

(U.) Page 64. We do not think that Lord Sidmouth has ever, by his conduct as a Minister, merited the abuse or even the satire of any person, although he has met with a tolerable share of both. In his political station, he is polite and unassuming, and totally divested of that official *sang-froid*, or those cold repulsive manners, which have their origin only in family or national pride, and shallowness of intellect. Has any high personage yet to learn, that talents are not the constant appendage of those who are "born to greatness," and that many a brainless head and callous heart can support the weight of a coronet ! We can assure the Princess of Wales, that there are many persons who owe nothing to birth, but who are, nevertheless, qualified for all the duties of *modern Statesmen*, to be found in *places where she has never once thought of looking for them !*

Lord Sidmouth, probably, never heard the *high opinion* which was entertained of him in a certain quarter, till he observed it last March, at the Board of the Privy Council ; and on that occasion, we have been told, that the *sedate assemblage* found it impossible to preserve their gravity !

Respecting the whole of the stuff, which fills pages 64 and 65, we do not think that its publicity is of the least consequence whatever, and that it ought not to have excited a moment's chagrin in the breasts of any of the persons who are exposed in it: though it certainly exceeds all the gossiping satires of old-maidism, that ever have been brought forward at the tea-table. Yet we know that it was *this part* of the Book, more than any part, which caused the memorable struggle and artifices to keep the whole *for ever* from the public eye! We, however, regard the observations as equally silly, laughable, and contemptible; and it may be said of them, with nearly as much truth as the remark was made on the works of a noted modern Poet, that they will be remembered by the world (*only*) when those of Shakspeare are forgotten!

(W.W.) Page 70. It is certainly less a *joke* in this country than in any other; for here many a noble hearted fellow has paid for such *fun* the forfeit of his life. We think there must have been some *basis* for this detail. It surely could not have been ALL *fabricated*!

(W.) Page 68. This is a most indecent and illiberal remark of Lady DOUGLAS. It has no relation whatever to the subject of her narrative; and we are, in fact,

totally at a loss to discover a motive which she could have had, for wounding the feelings of ladies who have the misfortune to be in a dependant situation (for dependence of any sort is a misfortune to persons who have been liberally brought up.) That they must be truly *respectable* persons we are bound to infer, from the situations to which they were appointed.

(X.) Page 77. We really see nothing to censure in this lively condescension of the illustrious female. It shows at least, that she is totally destitute of *pride*—that obnoxious though too frequent attendant on stiff, starched rank. It is a pity, however, that her Royal Highness had not learned how to *qualify* her condescension, so as to draw the line between that *familiarity* which leads to disrespect, while it compromises true dignity, and that repulsive and despicable *hauteur* which seems to acknowledge no created equal.

(Y.) Page 79. There must, in all probability, have been several *other* persons in the room, besides Doctor Mackie—some four or *five*. Perhaps some of these are yet amongst the living, and have seen these assertions in the Book. What then? says the reader. Why, what we mean to say is, that they cannot but know whether these assertions of Lady Douglas are true or false.

(Z.) Page 77. This is merely a matter of *taste*, in which great personages have all possible right to indulge, and which John Bull, who sticks to his beef and pudding, has no right to condemn. **DIOCLETIAN**, when clothed in the imperial purple, caused *lampreys* to be raised for his own eating; and we have even heard that *fried sprats* have sometimes been considered as a *dainty* at a Royal table. As to sitting upon the carpet, and taking supper in that position, there is nothing in this but the same good humoured eccentricity we have already been pleased with. In *Turkey* such conduct would be thought nothing of!

(A.A.) Page 78. This really does seem too absurd for credibility. It is liable to those objections which have been started against other passages.

(B.B.) Page 79. A reason is here given for the illustrious female's partiality to the Smith family, which is as affecting as it is natural. Gratitude for service of any kind, is a sentiment so rarely to be found in high life, that when it does occur, the solitary instance ought to be hailed with all possible exultation.

(C.C.) Page 80. Lady Douglas is here not correct in the idea which she would express. She could not tell

what was passing in her Royal Highness's mind: what *she meant* to say doubtlessly *was*, that, in her opinion, the Princess *appeared* to hesitate, &c. &c.

(D.D.) Page 87. This correspondence, we have *strong reasons for thinking*, will at no remote time be published.

(E.E.) Page 98. Respecting the Duke of Sussex and Sir John Douglas, we should like to ask a very *plain question* of those who can answer it. It is well known, not merely from what is stated in the *Book*, that Sir John held a confidential and honourable post in this Prince's establishment. He was not merely in this employ at the time of the *delicate misunderstanding*; but he continued in it till the spring of the present year, 1813. Just after the late explosion, however, and not before, (that is to say *eight years* after Lady Douglas was called upon for her testimony) Sir John was said to have been dismissed from his situation. The *Pilot Newspaper*, at the time in question, contained the following paragraph:—"We are informed, from good authority, that the Duke of Sussex has suspended sir John Douglas from attendance upon his Royal Highness in the capacity of equerry." Now we would wish to ask why sir John was dismissed from attendance at *this particular time*, and *not before*? It looks

as if either his past conduct had increased in enormity (if there were ever any thing improper in it) with the increase of time, or else that the illustrious Duke was complaisant enough to make, in the dismissal of the Knight, a sort of solemn offering to the *Vox Populi* !

(F.F.) Page 89. “ *Varium et mutabile semper Fœmina !* ”

(G. G.) Page 92. If the reader can divest himself of the idea of the vast difference between the rank these ladies respectively hold in society, he will see, in this part of the business, nothing but an ordinary and ridiculous squabble between two females ; one of whom, having received a *pique*, exercises her natural right of resentment.

(H. H.) Page '95. There appears no doubt that this rupture took place with all the acrimony here exposed ; as the same fact is mentioned by his Royal Highness of Kent, in *the Book*.

(I. I.) *Ibid.* From this we may draw the general inference, that *some* women can keep the *secrets* of others better than they can themselves.

(K. K.) Page 96. It ought to be recollected, in justice

to sir John, that this belief was expressed *before* the investigation, so happily and completely proved he was mistaken.

(L. L.) *Ibid.* If Lady Douglas had doubts about the author or designer of such a precious article, she should have handed it over to those puritanical mountebanks, the *Society for the Suppression of Vice!*—But we forget—these godly quacks, no doubt, would not have dared to interfere; they seem, in their operations, to acknowledge, with our immortal bard, that, when vice is plated with gold, it is invulnerable.

(M. M.) Page 101. From this we may conjecture what is *yet* likely to happen. If sir John Douglas owed as much to his own feelings when all this took place, what does he not owe to them *now*? Is it to be supposed that he will sit down tamely, for the rest of his life, under such a load of open outrage, insult, and cruel injustice, as he has experienced? If he do, we think there will be no doubt, in the *Court of Honour*, that he merits all he has received. We are, in our own mind, *convinced* of the contrary. The press is said (how truly *we* cannot declare) to be already at work on a *new* Book, which is expected to contain an unreserved detail of every matter which has arisen out of, and had any bearing upon, the

remarkable and unfortunate intercourse between the Princess of Wales and Lady Douglas.

The reader of the preceding passages will readily perceive, that the Commentaries on the Narrative might have been extended to a much greater length, if there had been any necessity for such enlargement ; as there is scarcely a sentence of that document which does not afford strong ground for observation. It was not, however, the object of the author to make a *Book* ; in proof of which, the reader is desired to observe, that two-thirds of the whole contents of the present tract are printed with small types ; and in consequence, it contains about half as much more matter than is usually sold for its price.

The principal object of the author, as has been already observed, is, to vindicate Lady Douglas against the prejudices of the public at large ; but it must have been discovered, that the Defence has been written in the perfect spirit of independence ; for Lady Douglas has not been *spared* on such points of her conduct

as the writer has chosen to think demanded animadversion.

It may, however, be supposed by many, that Lady Douglas herself has had some concern in the production of this tract;—that she or her friends have *solicited* the author to prepare it;—that hints have been communicated for its contents;—in short, that this lady herself may have been the author of *more* than what therein appears with her name!

The writer knows too well the *perfect uselessness* of attempting to overcome prejudice or prepossession. If it were in this place to be *solemnly declared*, that *neither sir John nor Lady Douglas could possibly have known any thing of this publication till they saw it advertised*; and that its author (whose sex is not declared, because that is of no consequence to the public) *NEVER either saw them or either of them; never corresponded with them, or had the least communication, directly or indirectly, on their behalf*; and farther, that *all possible means have been taken to prevent the name*

of the said writer from becoming known to them or to any one else, except to the persons necessarily concerned in the production of the tract— If these assertions, we say, were ever so solemnly made, it is evident, that *nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand readers* would not believe one word of them: all declarations on this head shall therefore be withheld:—it is useless to waste words, in attempting to remove incredulity. The public, therefore, well satisfied as they must be with the *quantity* of matter here presented to them, and equally gratified as it is hoped that *most* of them (but not *all*!) will be with its *quality*, are at liberty to draw, respecting the Author, whatever inferences they may think proper!

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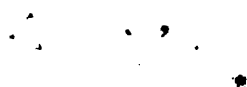
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THE BOOK:

in which the Parts forming the EVIDENCE and the DEFENCE, will be critically and analytically examined.

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